

THE
HISTORY
OF
PHILOXYPES
AND
POLYCRITE,

As it was told by

LEONTIDES

to the great

CYRUS.

Englished out of *French*, by an Honourable
ANTISOCORDIST.

Ex pède Hercules.

London, Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are
to be sold at his Shop in *S. Pauls Church-yard*
at the sign of the Prince's Arms. 1672.

Grace Trenchard

J.P.L.S.

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I

THE
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As it was told by *Leontidas*, to *Artamene*, or the great *Cyrus*.



HAT you may the better understand this Story, it is requisite that you know part of the Customes of this Island, the which I will in a few words acquaint you with, that my ensuing Discourse may appear lesse tedious to you. You must then know, Sir, that this goodly Island,
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which for its precinct, situation, fertility, for the beauty and greatnes of its Towns, and its Magnificent Temples, passeth for the most famous and most considerable of as many as lie on the *Aegean Sea*, hath always been consecrated to *Venus*; and that love, which every where else is a passion, which hath no particular priviledges, is in this place accounted a religious act. All that are born here, seem as if they were bound to love from their very birth; all the Temples are dedicated to *Venus*, under several names: all the pictures and statues here, represent only this Goddes, and depend only upon her. You shall finde here *Cupid* set out every where, and those who instruct us elsewhere virtuously in our youth, by teaching us how to overcome ambition, anger, hatred, envy, and all other passions; deal otherwise with us here, perswading us only how to love innocently. But as there is nothing so pure or refined, which meets not with alteration and corruption at the last; a strange disorder crope in long since amongst us: for you must know the first Temple which was consecrated to *Venus*, was that of *Venus Urania*, who we say, is the daughter

ter of Heaven. This *Venus* as we believe, inspires only rational resentments, and vertuous passions : whereas on the contrary, there are some Temples on the utmost borders of the Isle towards the South, built long since the former, which are dedicated to *Venus Anodema*, as much as to say, to *Venus* comming forth from the foam of the sea. Now Sir, these Temples doe differ very much, as doe their resentments, who offer sacrifices at them ; yet as those Religions wherein Libertinism passeth for a vertue, are grounded with most ease, the Religion of *Venus Anadiomena*, hath for a long time prevailed over that of *Venus Urania* ; and our Island hath seen things which makes those even blush with confusion, who remember they have heard them spoken of by their forefathers : but thanks to Heaven, a vertuous Queen, who lived some sixty years since, did re-establishe all the Temples of *Venus Urania* ; made almost all those of *Venus Anadiomena*, be beaten down ; abolisht all the shameful customes which were introduced in *Cyprus*, and left only pure resentments amongst us of that passion, which is the soul of the Universe, and

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which is the sole entertainer of civil society. We are now taught to love our Goddesse, our Princes, our Laws, our Countrey, our fellow-Citizens, our Parents, Brethren, Wives and Children; and lastly, to love our selves, to the end that we may do no shameful act. We are taught also to love Glory, Sciences and Arts; to love innocent pastimes, and to love beauty and vertue above all that hath been spoken of: in fine, we are taught that he who loves not, is not rational, and that not to have a sense of all these aforementioned things, is to be very much to blame. You may easily imagine then, that this being a belief generally held amongst us, the Court of *Cyprus* must needs be a pleasing abode, since every one there loves handsome actions, and handsome personages. True it is, that according to the rules of *Venus Urania*, the love by her permitted, is so pure, so innocent, so free from having any thing to doe with the senses, and so free from fault, as she seems to suffer us to love others only, that we may make our selves become the more lovely, through our care of meriting true glory, of becoming accomplisht, and of getting
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that Courtly Air, and pleasing conversation, which is only inspired by love. This Sir, is the present condition of our Island; all delights are here, but all innocent. Love is the predominant, and universall passion in it, but such a passion, as is not incompatible with vertue and modesty, and which hinders not many lovers from complaining of their Mistresses rigour. Publick festivals are here frequent, conversation free enough, but wholly spiritual, games for prizes very usual, pleasing Bals, excellent Musick, and Women in general, infinitely handsome, full of gallantry, and perfectly vertuous. But of all the rest, the Princess of *Salmis*, sister to *Philoxypes*, was the Court-Star, till such time as she withdrew her self from thence. The Princess *Aggharista*, now Princess of *Cicily*, is also very taking, and the famous *Artaphil* doubtlesly bears a great renown. To boot with these there is one called *Timoclea*, and an hundred others, of somewhat a meaner condition, which are wonderfully handsome. But Sir, lest I may prove too tedious, I will briefly tell you that the King who now reigns in *Cyprus*, is but two years elder then

Prince *Philoxypes*, who is descended from the Race of *Demophon*, son to *Theseus*, who is held in great esteem amongst us. *Philoxypes* in his yonger years, you may easily judge was one of the loveliest personages which could be seen; for though he be now twenty eight years old, he continues to be so extraordinarily handsome, and so well behaved, as it may easily be guest what he was when a childe; and though he were wise even from his cradle, and knowing, even from the time he began to speak, yet ceased he not to be of a pleasing humour, and comportment, such as is only infused by youth, and the air of the Court, and which is the charm of conversation amongst Ladies. In fine, set one article aside, *Philoxypes* may be truly said, to have fully satisfied and made good all the precepts of *Venus Urania*.

He revered the Goddesse, he loved his Prince, kept the Laws, he loved his Country, his fellow Citizens, was ambitious of glory, which he went inquest of at fifteen years of age in the *Milesean* War, wherein he gave singular testimony of his carriage. He loved the Sciences, and all the liberal Arts; delighted in inno-

innocent pastimes, and loved vertue above all things; but as for beauty, he had only a general admiration for it, and never felt in himself, any particular addition or adhesion to any whatsoever handsome Lady. You may imagin Sir, how strange this insensibility appeared, in a Court where it met not with any example, and in a man so fit to occasion love. Yet was he so lovely, as he was not for this the lesse beloved; he was so liberal, so magnificial, so full of complacency, and so civilly behaved, as he was the wonder of the world.

When *Solon* after having establisht those famous Laws at *Athens*, went from thence, resolving to forgoe his Country for ten years, to the end that he might make no alteration there, he came to our Court; *Philoxypes*, who was then but eighteen years old, had a great affection for him, as he had likewise for *Philoxetes*; insomuch, that as long as *Solon* abode in our Isle, *Philoxetes* gave over all his other delights, and the frequenting of the Ladies companies to fasten himself totally to him: whom that he might enjoy with the more freedom, he carried him to a Town of his

which is called *Apia* ; built by *Demaphon* in a very strong, but rocky situation , and of hard access, all the Countrey about it being craggy, dry, and exceeding barren. *Solon* being come thither , shewed him how that they that laid the foundations of that Town, might have made it much more pleasanter, if they had built it upon the banks of the River *Claria*, in a spacious and fertile plain, which lies at the foot of the Mountain, where the other Town was situated; hardly had *Solon* spoke his thought, when *Philoxypes* resolved to put it in execution, and began already to give all necessary orders for it. And indeed *Solon* was the Architect who guided this great enterprise, *Philoxypes* giving him the glory thereof, for he called this new Town *Soly*, to perpetuate the memory of the name of *Solon*. This place being not far from *Paphos*, one of our Kings most usual abodes , they went oft to the Court ; where our Ladies complained sometimes of *Solon* , who by bereaving them of *Philoxypes* , bereft them of their fairest ornament ; and to shew you how great this Prince his inflexibility was, *Solon* whose vertue is not austere, to
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justify himself to those that blamed *Philoxypes* for this, telling him that love was a passion, which sweetned all other passions, and which did sometimes exceed them all. That for his part, he confest he would never set his whole heart against it, and that he thought it no shame to be once in his life overcome thereby. *Philoxypes* said in his defence, that he loved all that was lovely, that he had a passion for all beautiful objects, and that no man ever lov'd so much as he. But notwithstanding all his universal affections, there was no one so fair in all the Court, who could boast in her particular to have inthrall'd his heart; and who peradventure had not more then once consulted with her glasse, to know by what innocent art this so famous heart might be taken: but at last, after having staid a good while, *Solon* went his way much taken with *Philoxypes* his virtue, and made some verses in his praise before he embarked for *Egypt*. He who was commended by all *Greece*, did highly commend this young Prince; saying, that Nature had taught *Philoxypes* in eighteen years, what Art could not teach in an Age, and that a man might see in him by way

way of prodigy, all the ages of man put together; that is to say, the innocence of infancy, the charms of youth, the fortitude of a more advanced age, and the wisdom of old age. After his departure, *Philoxypes* was somewhat melancholly, but this humour being over, he spent some time in travel, and did not only see whole *Greece*, but likewise the famous City of *Carthage*, which did then wage war with the *Masiliens*, who inhabit a place which they have of late made famous, by a cry'd up Academy, wherein eloquence, and all the *Grecian* Sciences are rarely well taught.

I will not relate unto you all the gallant actions he did in *Africa*, nor what befel him during that Journey, which continued till some moneths before you came to *Cyprus*; where *Solon* staid awhile again; not suffering himself to be seen almost by any one. But I will tell you that *Philoxypes* at his return to Court, charm'd all the world; and that the King himself grew so far in love with him, as never was known so great a favour as his, nor yet so little envied; neither did he make use thereof, but for his Masters glory,

ry, and to do good to as many as he could; he received no rewards, but to enrich such as stood in need thereof; all the advises he gave, were good; he did none but good offices: and thus he stood fair in the opinion of the great ones, and of the people, as well as in that of the King; and there were none but our Ladies who continued to accuse him of inflexibility. Thus did he live amidst delights, in the stateliest and most gallant Court of all the world, without envy, without love, and without melancholy. But the King was not this mean while so happy as he; for after having had some flitting passions, which had notwithstanding much disquieted him, he fell mightily in love with the Princess *Aretephile*, who certainly is very beautiful, and hath an hundred good qualities; but who withal this was extremely ambitious. The King was no sooner aware of the violence of this his passion, but that he discovered it to *Philoxypes*, and entreated him to intercede for him with *Aretephile*, who at that time did often visit the Princess *Agarista*, sister to *Philoxypes*. You may imagin this Prince did not refuse to assist him, since his affection

tion was innocent ; yet did he sometimes crave pardon of the King, if he did not much bewail him in his disquiets : For Sir, said he, love being a malady which I am not acquainted with, and which I have much to imagine is so great as man would have it thought, I confesse I doe not so much compassionate your Majesty, as peradventure I ought; & consequently, I may perchance not so fully exaggerate your sufferings as I should do, when I speak with the Princeesse *Aretephile*. Fear not *Philoxypes*, said the King, that I complain of your inflexibility; on the contrary, if you had a more tender heart, I would not have chosen you for the confident of my passion : and did I think that you could become my rival, I would not give you Commission to speak so often with my beloved Princeesse. But my intention not being to speak of the Kings love, otherwise then as it relates necessarily to *Philoxypes* adventures ; I will only tell you that though *Aretephile* were ravisht to see her self beloved by the King, yet aiming at the Crown of *Cyprus*, she thought she was a little to disguise her sense thereof, and to make it a harder matter

matter for the King to win her, then she had found it to win the King: So as this Princeſſe behaved her ſelf with much diſcretion and reſervedneſſe, and mingling continually ſeverity with mildneſſe, the King ſtood long in need of *Philoxypes* aſſiſtance, whom *Aretephile*, who knew what power he had with the King, uſed with all poſſible civility. *Philoxypes* was notwithstanding ſometimes much troubled at the continuance of this paſſion, which made him for his recreation, go to a very ſtately houſe, which the famous *Solen* had cauſed to be built for him neer *Soly*, and wherein he had made a collection of whatſoever *Greece* had of moſt rare & curious, were it either for pictures, or ſtatues. In this place it was, which is called *Claria*, where wondring ſometimes at the Kings paſſion, he did me the honor to bemoan himſelf to me of his employments, and he himſelf gave me a thouſand pleaſant marks of his inflexibleneſſe, by thoſe things which he uttered againſt love. This mean while though the King were much in love with *Aretephile*, yet he had ſomewhat to do to perſwade himſelf to marry her, becauſe indeed in reaſon he ſhould
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much rather have married the Princess *Thimoclea*, by reason of some claim she pretended to have to the Principality of *Amathusa*; insomuch as the King being yet unresolved what to doe, had not as yet acquainted *Aretephile*, nor let her be acquainted that his love tended meerly to set her upon the Throne; but only following the custome of *Cyprus*, he had sufficiently witnessed his service, and to purchase her esteem, had done whatsoever a handsome and ingenious Prince seconded by *Philoxypes*, could doe, who though he were himself insensible of love, was notwithstanding a very great gallant; so as *Aretephile* who was absolutely resolved never to part with her heart for lesse then a Crown, treated the King sometimes severely enough, insomuch as the whole Court was troubled thereat, and *Philoxypes* delight lay onely in Hunting, and in his stately Country house. Some other times *Aretephile* fearing lest she her self might extinguish the fire which she had kindled in the Kings heart, was somewhat more kinde unto him, and by the Prince his Joy, rejoiced the whole Court. 'Twas then in one
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of these pleasant conjuncture of times, that *Phyloxypes* to oblige the King, made the *Princessse of Salamis* his sister, and the *Princessse Agharista* doe him the honour to entertain the King upon a day that he invited the King and all the Court to goe from *Paphos* to *Claria*, and to passe one whole day in his retiredness, which indeed deserved to receive so Princely a company. Never was there so gallant an Assembly as this; it was wholly composed of young and handsom personages, of great birth, and understanding: and one would have said, that fortune had favoured *Philoxypes*, in ordering it so as that all persons of quality who were peevish or of ill humour in the Court, were either sick that day, or busied about some important affairs, so as this well compacted company was not troubled with the importunity of any of their companies: On what side soever they did cast their eye, they met with nothing but goodly objects, there was no fear of being wearied or anoyed. *Philoxypes* had taken such excellent order for all things, were it either for the stately furniture of the house, for the magnificency

cency of the Feast, or the excellency of the Musick, as the King to give him the highest praise he could, said aloud, that if *Philoxypes* had been in love, and that his Mistresse had been in that company, he could have done no more then he did. On the contrary, Sir, said *Philoxypes*, I think that if I had been in love, all things would have been much more in disorder, then they are; it seeming impossible to me that a man should lose his reason, and yet have leisure enough to think of such trivial affairs. The King began then to oppose *Philoxypes*, and to tell him that he did little know the effects of this passion; and this he did more then once, as well for that he could hardly find a more pleasing entertainment by discourse, as also that by reproaching *Philoxypes* with his ignorance of love; he thereby found an opportune means to make the Princess *Aretephile*, who listen'd unto him, know that the passion he had for her, had made him very expert therein, *Philoxypes* did defend himself the best he could. Sometimes he said the fear of not being beloved kept him from loving; sometimes that he had so nice a soul as did avoid such

such pleasures as could not be purchased without pain; and consequently that love not being a voluntary thing, he was not to blame for that he did not love : and for his last reason, he said that the difficulty of the choice made him that he neither did, nor could resolve on any; for Sir, said he to the King, how is it possible to have the affrontedness to prefer any one of so many handsome personages as I see before all the rest? Ah, *Philoxypes*, said the King, the more you speak of love, the more pity doe you move in me; and (speaking low in his ear) the more said he doe you make me see that my Confident will never bee my rival. After this, all the Ladies, and all the men of quality, began to argue the matter with him; he did sometime almost hate them all for their reproaching him with his inflexibility. When they had dined, *Philoxypes* led all this fair assembly into a stately gallery, painted all over by the hand of an excellent Master, named *Mandrocles*, who is of the Isle of *Samos*, and who having finisht this rare work, some few days before this great Feast, was returned to his own Countrey.

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The story of *Venus Urania*, was the subject of all those pictures, in whom nothing but modesty was to be discerned. The Painter had not drawn the Graces all naked, as they usually are drawn, but had clothed them in transparent tiffeny, which rendred all those figures very delightful; in one of the draughts, you might see *Venus* descend from Heaven in a Chariot, all of burnisht gold drawn by Swans; a thousand little *Cupids* seemed to hover about her, and to be the first that lighted in the Isle of *Cyprus*, w^{ch} is represented in the same piece, to prepare all things to receive her; in another piece, all those little *Cupidons*, erected unto her an Altar of Turfs, and made dressings of flowers to adorn her; in another piece, this Goddess teacheth *Cupid* how to chuse his golden shafts, which he meant to use; and in another, she put a Torch into his hand, and shewing him the Sun which is painted at the top of that piece, seems as if she would tell him that she would have the flames wherewith he sets hearts on fire, to be more pure then the beams of this glorious constellation. In fine, Sir, this Goddess is represented in
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above twenty parts of this gallery; but though in different postures, you may still discern the same countenance. Though all in this Gallery be beautiful, this figure is incomparably beyond all the rest: all the rest are pictures, but this seems to be effectually a divine personage; for certainly there was never any thing seen of so much handsomnesse; all the fair Ladies who *Philoxypes* had brought thither, were amazed to see it, and maugre themselves confest that their glasse shewed them nothing like it. All their eyes were fixt upon a face so full of beauty, and they all agreed in one, that the Painters imagination had far outdone what ever nature had done of most accomplishment. After they had well eyed this *Venus*, for my part, said the Princess *Aretephile*, I would fain know whether, *Philoxypes* heart could resist a personage who should perfectly resemble this picture? Since I have been able (replied he) to behold all these Ladies that are here, without daring to professe my service, it is to be believed, I should be as insensible for her, or rather as full of respect for her, as I have been for all the rest that I see, who are no less fair then

this *Venus*. Tis not notwithstanding (said he smilingly, and without any other design, then to say somewhat of gallantry to entertain conversation) that I am not glad that this picture is only the effect of the famous *Mandrocles* imagination. For I confess unto you there is a certain charming, modest, and passionate aire in the eyes of this Goddesse, which would peradventure please me too much, were it a living beauty. *Philoxypes* had no sooner said this, but all the company began to smile at this first mark of his tendernes, which they had never before observed in him. There was not any one of them who would not willingly, if it had been possible, have inspired life into this picture, that they might see whether *Philoxypes* might be bent by her or no; and whether his rebel heart to love, would prove proof against her extraordinary charms. If this could be, said Princess *Thimoclea*, I wish at least that this fair personage should have as much sweetness in her soul as in her eyes, to the end that nothing might be wanting to *Philoxypes* happiness. On the contrary, said the Princess of *Salamis*, me thinks it were to be wisht, that (to punish my brother for his inflexibili-

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ty) she were as cruel, as fair; and I doubt me, added *Aretephile*, whether for his greater punishment, she were not to be wisht to be proud and stupid: or rather, said Princess *Agberista*, inconstant, fickle, altering her humour every day; and for his yet farther punishment, added the King smilingly, that she were all that you all have said. At these words *Philoxypes* desired so much favour of them, as that they would suffer him to enjoy that quiet which liberty bestowes on them who possess her: but the Sun being already low, he mentioned a walk to this fair company; who without resistance gladly accepted thereof. He led them into a large plot of ground, which makes an Island; for he had drawn a branch of the River of *Clariss* round about it. Passing from thence over a little bridge, with ballasters of brass, he led them into an allie of Orange Trees, twelve hundred paces long, which the Sun could never get into, so large are those Trees, and so thick covered with leaves and flowers. Amidst this Allie there crosses a Channel of running water; at last you come to a place where eleven Allies cross one another;

ther; at the end of which, the river is every where seen, as if it were so delighted with that place, as it were loth to leave it. All these Allies are either of Orange Trees, or Citron Trees, or Myrrhe, or Lawrel, or Pomegranats, or Palm Trees: but after being come to the end of one of these Allies, into which *Philoxypes* sent them, they found themselves in a large Meadow, which is cut through in the middle by the River, which gathered together in that place, seems to be a great channel, which hath on its banks neither canes, nor rushes, nor reeds, nor little shrubs, but is only bordered by thick turff, and all besprinkled over with Flags of differing colours, with Narcissuses, with Lillies, and all other flowers, which love moisture and freshness. There are likewise on this River, great store of Swans, which swim so demurely, as you would think they were afraid to trouble the water which bears them up: and that there might nothing be wanting to this entertainment, *Philoxypes* had so ordered it, as this River was all covered over with Boats, made like Gallies, painted with lively colours, and guided by
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young Boyes in Maratin apparel, but very handsome; who rowing gently with Oars painted red and green, came to the bank to receive this gallant company, who were played unto on rustick Musick by yong Shepheards very quaintly clothed, who drove heards along that Meadow on the other side of the River. Their Shepheards crooks were all trimmed with brass guilt over, & strewed over with cyphers; their Flutes and little Bagpipes were as well deckt as were their sheep, all whose horns were loaded with flowers. In divers parts of this Meadow, were an hundred lovely Shepheards, clothed in white, with hats of roses, who to make the place the more pleasing, mixt the melody of their voices to the rustick Musick aforesaid. So sweet a place being doubtlesly proper to infuse joy, and pleasure, being no disposition to cruelty; the King found *Aretephile* a little more gentle; and all the worst treated lovers of this company, found at least some truce to their sufferings, and were maugre themselves delighted with so lovely a place, which was bounded about by a very high Pallesade, wherein Niches placed at e-

quall distances, were statues of white Marble, the rarest that were ever seen in *Greece*.

But I may seem to be my self enchanted in a place so full of charms, since I stay so long thereon : I must then haste to make this fair company depart, whom *Philoxypes* waited on back to *Paphos*, after having offered them a famous banquet. Some few days after, being returned home, with intention to entertain himself alone there for two days, he spent all that time very contentedly : But *Philoxypes* his humour lying rather to like general beauties, wherein art hath nothing to do, then those where art undertakes to perfect nature ; went out of his Park, and unaccompanied by any save one servant, he went to the River side, intending to walk along it till he should come to the head therof, which is not far from thence, and which certainly is one of the goodliest things in the world : For this miraculous Spring-head, which of it self makes a River, is inclosed by Rocks of an unaccessible height ; at the foot of the greatest, and highest whereof, is a large cave which extends it self even to the loss of sight,

fight, both on the right hand & on the left, under unaccessible Rocks. At the bottom of this Cave, is a silent spring, which sometimes riseth up to the top of the den, and sometimes falls so low, as it is not above five or six foot high. This inequality is the cause why the River of *Clarica*, as well as all the others of *Cyprus*, pass rather for a fair Torrent, than for a River; though this be not positively so, for it is never altogether dried up, as are all the rest. As he went towards this Cave, he got off horse-back, leaving his horse with his servant, commanding him to wait his return, and not to follow him.

Thus did he walk all alone, along these Torrents, with the sight and noise whereof, he was much delighted, when raising up his eyes, he might see some twenty paces off, a very handsome woman, though in a mean habit, who was fate upon a Rock, all covered over with moss; and who seemed to take pleasure in eying attentively the fall of waters which came rushing at her feet, as if to do her homage. At first *Philoxypes* thought not to trouble the contentment of one whose

whose humour was so conformable to his, to sit musing upon the River side, and to turn a little aside, that he might not interrupt her. But being come a little neerer, and seeing that her apparel though clean, and handsome, gave her not out to be a personage of quality, he went directly towards her, because that was the easiest way. But being come very neer her, and the noise his walking made, having made this woman look about, he was strangely taken; not only to see the handsomest creature in the world, but to discern perfectly that, that miraculous *Venus* which he had in his Gallery, and which he had alwayes taken onely for the effect of a handsome imagination, was really the picture of this personage; *Philoxypes*, raviht at this so strange apparition, changed his colour; and saluting this maid with more civility then her condition seemed to require, he advanced yet neerer her; but she rising up in haste, and having not without a blush paid him his salute, as if she had been troubled to be seen alone in that place, she hastened to go unto an old man and a woman well-advanced in years, who were not above
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twenty paces off her; yet fearing by like to be followed, she turned her head twice towards *Philoxypes*, who was still the more dazeled with her beauty, and more confirmed in his opinion. This Prince surpris'd at this encounter, had a great desire to know who this yong and so wonderfully handsome maid might be; and to know also how *Mandrocles* could come to draw her picture; and why *Mandrocles* had always told him, that the picture which he had drawn, was only an effect of his fancy: He followed her with his eyes as far as he could; but having stood still a pretty while, not knowing why he did so, he lost sight of her amongst those Rocks after she was come up to those she went unto, so as he could no more discover her.

Philoxypes did not overmuch endeavour it, though his minde led him very much thereunto, but coming neer the River side, in stead of continuing to walk towards the Spring head, he went down the stream; and were it by hazard, or out of design, he happened to rest himself upon the same Rock covered with moss, on which he had seen the fair maid sit.

fit. *Philoxypes* being there, could think on nothing, but on this fair unknown one, and upon the pleasing adventure which had befalln him. He then remembered the discourse which had past in the Gallery, and what he had said of that picture which every one so much commended; and delighting to entertain himself upon this subject, how glad said he unto himself, would *Princesse Aretephile* be, if she knew what had befalln me, and how would the King mock me if he heard it? They would certainly say, that the Goddess had wrought a miracle to punish me, by making me meet with a Country wench, of whom to make the object of my choice. But said he, presently after, this Country maid is fairer then whatsoever there is of beauty in the Court; and I shall sufficiently revenge my self of all our Ladies, if I can once more meet with her, and let them see her. He then resolved to return the next day to the same place, and in the mean time not to speak of her till he had found her again. He then returned home, but full of amazement; at his first arival, he went strait to his Gallery, and grew so confident in his belief,

belief, that his *Venus Urania* was the very picture of this fair unknown one, as he doubted no more thereof. He compared all the features of this picture, with the image which he bare about in his mind, not finding any difference between them save that the original was farre above what ever *Mandrocles* with all his art, could represent. He seemed to have observed in her face, a much more pleasing youthly aire, a much more majestical modesty, and a sweetness infinitely more alluring. In fine, the Prince *Philoxypes*, who had wont to be more in his Closet, then in his Gallery, perceiving that the sight of this picture detained him there, whether he would or no, went forth much perplext to see that once in his life time, he could not master his affections. He past the rest of that day, and all the next night, not being able to eface this pleasing phantasm out of his minde. The next day he returned to the same place where he had seen that fair one, still thinking how he should be pleased to cause her be seen by the King, and the whole Court. But though he went up the River, even up to the head thereof, he
could

could not finde her; he sought her long in vain; and being angered thereat, he sought whether he could not finde some little track about that place where he had seen the fair unknown one; but it being all Rocky, no impression of footsteps could be seen there, nor could there be any track found amongst the Rocks. Desperate then, as he was not to finde any knowledge of what he so much desired, he returned back, absolutely resolving not to return any more to that place: yet was he no sooner at home, but that he wisht to be at the River side; he enquired of all his servants, if they had never met any body thereabouts, which resembled that *Venus*; and askt them very particularly, into what places, and into what houses *Mandrocles* went when he painted his Gallery? They answered, that they had never seen her whom he spoke off, and that *Mandrocles* was a solitary man, who saw no body, who spent all his time in designing amongst those Rocks; and that he took almost always the way towards the head of *Claria*. *Philoxypes* not able to learn any more, did what he could to think no
more

more thereon; but though he had resolved to return next day to *Paphos*, he stayed at *Claria*, (for his house bears the name of the River which passeth by it) and whatever design he had, never to return to seek out the fair unknown one, his feet maugre himself, bare him always towards the place where he had met her. Hee returned often from thence, not knowing why he would not willingly go thither, nor why he went thither, not having any thought of so doing. But at last yeelding to his curiosity, he returned towards those Rocks, resolving to suffer himself to be guided by fortune; leaving always his servant and his horse where he left them the first time.

He wandred then long amongst those Mountains, when being weary, he sate himself down, which he had hardly done, upon a neighbouring Rock, when hee might discover afar off a little Cottage, in a place which appeared very savage unto him: so as rising up, it may be, said he unto himself, 'tis here where the Gods have hidden the Treasure, which I seek for. And indeed he had not walked far, when he saw the fair unknown one, accompanied

accompanied by the same old man, and the same woman which he had formerly seen, and by three or four others all meanly clothed, which seemed to take a by-way which led to a little Temple, which lies towards the Sea side, and which was built for the accommodation of strangers, who traffique in that Island, and land on that side. The Temple not being above six furlongs from this little rural habitation, 'twas but a walk to go thither on foot.

Philoxypes ravisht at this encounter, went towards them; and addressing his speech to the old man, after having saluted, and looked on the fair unknown, with more admiration then at first; Father, said he, know you who they be that live in that little house which I see yonder amongst the Rocks? Sir, said he, they are people who merit not the honor you do them in speaking to them; nor doe I know how my Cabbin should cause curiosity in a man of your condition.

Whilest the old man spoke, *Philoxypes* had his eyes fixt upon the fair unknown one so attentively, as he made her blush, and forced her to turn her head aside; he

he willingly would have spoken to her, but that (as he told me afterward) hee was affraid to ruine himself in so pleasing an enchantment; and that he should finde as much rudenesse in her conversation, as she had sweetnesse in her eyes; to boot, that he saw her to be so modest, as he easily imagined she would not speak long unto him in her parents presence, (for he perceived she behaved her self as if she were the old mans daughter) hee enquired also of the good old man, if he went oft to that Temple? whether his abode there had been long? whether he were of *Cyprus*, or no? whether that were his whole family? and a hundred other things to continue the conversation. To all which, though the other answered exactly, *Philoxypes* did hardly hear any thing he said; & thus they parted, after he had tane his leave of them all, hardly knowing what he said.

Not having learnt any thing, but that he had once more seen the fair unknown one, that she was much more lovely then he had thought her to be, that he knew her abode, and the Temple whether she sometimes went. He pursued her with

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his eyes as far as he could; but at last being ashamed of what he did, and seeking a reason for it, he returned back the same way, and went into his Gallery, it being the only place in all his house, wherein he pleased himself. When he was come thereinto, he began to walk with more disquiet then he had wont to be acquainted withall. And far from his former design of bringing the fair unknown one to the Court, he did as far as in him lay, put on a resolution of never seeing her more himself: so much was he affected with this second sight.

To this purpose, he went forthwith out of his Gallery, got on horse-back, and returned to *Paphos*; the King who loved him dearly, and who had as much of friendship for him, as of love for the Princeesse *Aretephile*, complained of his so long abode in the Countrey, and made as much of him as could be. He immediately entreated him to visit the Princeesse *Aretephile*, because there had been some little quarrel between them, which he acquainted him withall, making the most he could of it.

Phylloxypes obeys him, visits the Princeesse,

ceſſe, and makes them friends: but let him do what he pleaſeth, or go whither he will, his thoughts are ſtill buſied about the fair unknown one; he compares her with all the beauties that he ſees, and whether he behold *Aretephile*, *Thimoclea*, *Aghariſta*, or whoſoever elſe, he can ſee none but his ſiſter, the fair Princeſſe of *Salamis*, who comes any way neer her for beauty; but he preferred the other a thouſand times before her, as being a thouſand times more beautiful, then whatſoever the world hath of beauty. Two days after he returned to *Claria*, and the next day he went to the aforeſaid little Temple, whether thoſe that were of the Iſland went ſeldome or never, it being only built for ſtrangers.

And this was the reaſon wherefore the beauty of the fair unknown one, had not been noiſed abroad, neither in *Apia*, which is not far from thence, nor in *Soly* which is very neer it, nor in *Claria*, which joyns upon it. *Phylloxypes*, then maugre himſelf, went thither, whether he was no ſooner come, but he ſaw the fair maid ſtill accompanied with the ſame company, who devoutly prayed to the God-

desse that is there adored. In fine, Sir, to keep that no longer from you, which *Philoxypes* had much adoe to acknowledg to himself, this last fight fully conquered him; for the sacrifice being somewhat long, love had time enough to fasten him with his chains not to be untyed. You may believe it had been easie for *Philoxypes* to have spoken to this maid, as shee came out of the Temple, and to have followed her home, if he had pleased; but though love had already gotten the upper hand in his heart, yet had it not driven out shame from thence. And *Philoxypes* did me the honour to tell mee afterwards, that he was so ashamed of his own weaknesse, and of the meannesse of this maids condition as he sometimes wisht to be dead.

This little assembly being gone, and he being returned home strangely perplext, what said he to himself, is it possible that *Philoxypes*, that unflexible *Philoxypes*, who could never be wrought upon by all the fair Ladies of *Cyprus*, should be in love with one born in a Cottage, bred up amongst Rocks, and savage people? Ah, no, no: it cannot be. I would rather rip
out

out my heart, then suffer it any longer to retain so mean, and so unworthy an affection. But (said he presently afterwards) there is somewhat of Divinity in Supream beauty, which is not to be resisted. And if this unknown one be more fair then all the Princes of the world, she better deserves the love of the inflexible *Philoxypes*, then all they do. Yet I am sure, said he, when the wise *Solon* told me, That a man might without shame be once in his life time overcome by love; he understood it not to be by the love of a shepherdess, as doubtlesly she is-- at these words not having power to end his speech and say, Whom I love; shame stopt his mouth, and for a while he said nothing.

Then suddenly re-assuming his speech, No, no, said he, *Solon* would not approve the folly which possesseth me: For in fine, to love a person so beneath ones self, a person, whose name one is affraid to ask; one to whom one hath never spoken, and to whom I dare not speak, for fear of finding her mind unworthy of her beauty, one who peradventure will not understand my language, who peradventure hath neither vertue nor goodnesse,

and whom the Gods have endowed with extraordinary beauty, only for my confusion, and to make mee despaire; once more it cannot, it must not be; so dreadful an evil must be early withstood; and as there are some venomes whose mischief is only cured by themselves, the fair unknown one must cure me of the malady she hath caused in me.

I must once more see her, and speak to her, to the end that the blemishes of her minde, and her rude conversation, may drive that beauty from out my heart, which her charming beauty and pleasing eyes hath placed there. But good Gods, replied he unto himself, is it possible so fair a personage should have any defaults? Think *Philoxypes* what thou wilt do; and fear lest whilst you think to finde a cure for your evil, you render it incurable.

Thus *Philoxypes* reasoned with himself, who in effect resolved to go the next day to the Cottage, where the fair unknown one dwelt, with intention to speak unto her, and so to cure himself, imagining that his shame to see himself in that Cottage, and the maids grosse conversation, would

would infallibly salve his passion. But he knew not that 'tis an usuall effect of love to make those who are in love, make use of all pretences, whereby they may come near those whom they love, not knowing themselves why they goe thither.

Philoxypes failed not then to goe the next day towards the rocks, at foot whereof according to his custome he left his servants: But as he went he was much disquieted; sometimes hee wisht this young maid might neither have wit nor attraction; and by and by, desired again he might meet with nothing in her which might detract from her beauty. In fine, not knowing whether he desired to be sick or cured, whether he would be free or a captive, and not knowing also under what pretence to make this odd visit, he marcht on till he came to a little Valley, seated between Rocks, stoln as it were from the world, and very fit, to say the truth, to hide so infinite a precious treasure. At the foot of this little Valley, there lies a pleasant Meadow; and upon the side of these Rocks, a little Wood of Myrtle & wild Pomegranats, interming-

led with some Orange Trees. At the bottome of this Wood, there stands a little House very low built, but in indifferent good repair: As *Philoxypes* drew neer it, his troubles re-doubled, and hee was almost tempted to turn back, so aghamed was he of his weakness. But at last being forced on by love, he entred into the fore-Court of this house, closed in with Lawrels no higher then ones elbow, which are very common in this Island. At last, seeing a door open, he came into a little Chamber, decently, though but meanly furnished; in which, he found the fair unknown one, and two other women who made Garlands of flowers, intending to carry them the next day to the Temple, and give them to the Priest who lived there, to adorn the Victime, which was to be offered, there in sacrifice. You may imagin, how much astonished this young maid might be, to see such a one as *Philoxypes* enter her Cabin, who is always richly clothed, and who as you know, is of a very stately behaviour; she no sooner saw him, but rising up in haste she let all her flowers fall, thereby affording *Philoxypes* occasion of commencing
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conversation, who stooped down to gather up the fallen flowers: Sir, said she, endeavouring to hinder him, pray trouble not your self, for our Woods and Meadows abound in the like, so as I may easily repair this loss, if these were spoiled. Those which your Woods and Fields produce, said he, are not of such worth as these, which I restore you, because they have not been gathered by so fair a maid as you. Sir, said she, blushing, the Goddesses to whom I intend to offer them, will look more upon the intention of my heart, than upon my face, which certainly hath nothing in it, which may occasion you to speak as you do. But Sir, said she, (not giving him leave to interrupt her, to the end she might change the discourse) you have perhaps somewhat to command my Father, who will be very much troubled that hee is not here, that he might have the glory to obey you: but he is gone forth with my Mother, and will not return till night.

Philoxypes hearing her speak with so much judgement, and such civility, hee having at most expected nothing but innocency, and simplicity in her conversation,

tion, had hardly the power to answer her. He beheld her with admiration, and listened to her with astonishment; he observed a decent negligence in her apparel, and her tone of speech so excessively charming, as he was ravish'd; shee spoke not only Greek, but with all the Atique purity, and Courtly smoothness; her action was moreover infinitely becoming, having nothing in it, neither of affected, nor yet of Clownish. He found such modesty in her looks, and so lovely a freshness in her complexion, as he had hardly liberty to reply; yet after some strivings within himself, 'tis true, faire maid, said he, I had somewhat to say unto your Father, but till such time as I shall see him, give me leave to ask you why he makes choice of so solitary an abode. Sir, said she, such is my respect unto him, as I never inform'd my self of what you desire to know; but I have sometimes thought that this place is not of his choice, and that he lives here, only to fit his minde unto his fortune, which not having destin'd him a Palace, hinders him not from thinking himself happy in his Cottage.

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But is it possible, said he, that this austere solitariness should not seem tedious to you? Sir! (replied she with a modest smile) you will doubtlessly think me very rustick and savage, when I shal dare to say, that the only trouble I have met withall amidst these Rocks, since I have lived here, is that wherewith I am now posselt, to see you in a place, where I use not to see any one; and where certainly I would not see you, were I in a condition to do otherwise; it not appearing seemly to me, that one of your condition, should busie himself in talking so long with such an one as I am. I should be very unhappy, said *Philoxypes*, if I should have offended you, or have appeared too importunate: but lovely personage, tell me I beseech you, your name, and your Parents name, and tell me what God or Goddes tis that comes to instruct you in these Woods? Sir! said she, my name is *Policrite*, my Father is called *Cleantes*, and my Mother *Megisto*; but as for those Gods which you say doe teach me, they have as yet taught me so little, as I am ignorant even of civility: to witness which, I shall take the boldness to say, that

that since those on whom I depend are not here, I shall desire you not to take it ill, if I intreat you not to tarry any longer in a place, wherein you will finde more of incommodity, then content. I shall not alter my minde, replied *Philoxypes* for what you say, but must once more affirm, that doubtlesly the Gods have in a moment inspired you, with what others have much adoe to learn in their whole lives. For that you should be the fairest maid in all the world, and fairer in a Cottage, then Queens are in their Palaces; though this be very much, yet is it not impossible, but that living amongst Woods and Rocks, you should behave your self, and speak as you doe, 'tis this, fair *Philocrita*, that I cannot comprehend; nor can I imagin that you were born here amongst these savage Rocks; 'Tis true, Sir! said she, I am not of this Island by birth; but was so young when I parted from *Creta*, as I hardly remember any thing thereof. Tis true, the conversation which I have here, cannot have given me the accent of the Countrey, for I speak with none but those of this family, who are no more of *Cyprus* then I.

What

What, *Policrite*, said *Philoxypes*, do you spend your whole time without speaking, and yet speak as you do? Once more, this Cottage is unworthy of you; and some means must be found out to draw you hence. I am so well contented here, Sir, said she, as I should thereby receive an injury; and I imagine you have no such design; therefore I conjure you to leave me in that solitariness that you found me; for neither will I say much more unto you, not being able to speak any thing of mine own experience.

Philoxypes, who observed that this young maid was indeed troubled to see him tarry so long with her, though it were in no dis-obliging manner, was loth to anger her; so as with much violence used upon himself, after having saluted her with such reverence, as if she had been upon a Throne, he offered to be gone. But, Sir, said she, with much candour, you know my name is *Policrite*, and I cannot tell my Father what his name is, that hath done him the honour to enquire after him. You may tell him, replied this Prince, transported with love, my name is *Philoxypes*. Alas, Sir! answered *Philocrita*,

locrita, I beg your pardon, if I have not used you with such respect as I ought. Is not then, said he, my name unknown unto you? No, Sir, said she, and I have heard my Father, though he knows you not himself, say such things of you by the report of others, as I am sure will make him rejoyce exceedingly, when he shall know that you will do him the favour to command him any service. *Philoxypes*, enchanted to hear *Policrite* speak in such sort, said unto her a thousand passionate and obliging things, if she would have understood them; to which she still replied with such readines and modesty, as he still became in love with her more and more.

He then took his leave of her, and departed from this Cottage, with an unconceivable sorrow, being come to the same place where he first saw her, he stayed; and beholding on the one side his goodly and magnificent Palace of *Claria*, and on the other side this little Countrey Cottage: Ah, *Philoxypes*, cryed he, who would believe, that in the condition thy soul is in, thou canst prefer this unlucky Cottage before that stately Palace? and that

that thy heart so insensible of love, and so ambitious of true glory, can abase it self before *Policrite's* feet? But then, said he again, is it possible that *Philoxypes* should love any thing which is not the handsomest thing in the world? And if it bee so, *Policrite* ought to be the object of his desires and love. I say, *Policrite*, in whose looks is no art, whose words are sincere, all whose thoughts are innocent, who knows not what a sin is, whose heart is not prepossessed with any passion, who as yet loves nothing but the Woods, Fields, Flowers, and Fountains; who is hardly conscious of her own beauty, and whose inclinations are doubtlesly all vertuous.

But when all is done, said he, after a little pause, love is a weakness, from whence I have till now defended my self, onely because I did verily believe, that it was handsome not to be capable thereof; but to love a personage of so unequal birth, is a folly, which I ought by all means to withstand. For in fine, with what face shall I dare to appear at Court? How fair soever *Policrite* bee, I dare not shew the irons shee makes me wear; they must either be broken by force, or
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to cunningly conceal'd, as no man may ever discern them.

With this resolution did *Philoxypes* return home, and from thence to *Paphos*; but he was so possess'd with melancholy, as hee was forced to fain himself sick. The King, who saw him that very night, both with himself, and with the Princess *Aretephile*, perceived his perplexity, and press'd him to know the cause: But *Philoxypes* answered him as he had done the rest. The Court was very great that day, and all that was gallant, was there; which occasioned *Philoxypes* in his ravings, to inquire of himself an hundred and an hundred times, why, since he was to love, it was not some of those illustrious personages? Yet though he would use violence upon himself, and endeavor to love by reason, he could never compass it. And *Policrite's* image was so deeply imprinted in his heart, as nothing could eface it. He pass'd over 3 days thus with very much disquiet, and on the 4th maugre himself, he returned to *Claria*, and from thence to *Cleanthes*, whom at his first approach, he found leaning upon that little Pallisado of Lawrels, which in-

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compass'd his Court. As soon as this wise Old man saw him, he stept unto him, and received him with such Civility as had nothing of Rustick in it. Sir, said he, I thought my Daughter had been deceived when she told me your Name, which kept me from coming to *Claria* to receive your Commands; to boot, that 'tis hard to imagine, that a Man of my Fortune and Age may be any wayes serviceable to such a Prince as you. Vertue and worth, said *Philoxypes*, makes friends unto it self of all Ages, and of all Conditions. But *Cleanthes* the only thing I desire to know of you, is whether it be out of necessity, or out of choice, that you inhabit this little House? for, if it be the former, you shall not tarry long here; and if the latter, I will come and live with you sometimes; at which *Cleanthes* smiled, and said, Poor Cottages, Sir, are no proper abodes for great Princes. 'Tis very true, said *Philoxypes*, neither ought great Worth to be confin'd to little Cottages, but doth much better become great Palaces: I therefore proffer you my House *Claria*, where you and your Family may live more commodiously then here. Sir, replied *Cleanthes*, 'tis

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handsome for a personage of your condition and worth to be willing to relieve the distressed, but it were not just to abuse that Goodness, which may be better employ'd on some better occasion. For, in fine, Sir, I suffer no want in this Cottage, my minde being no greater then it; I here live in quiet; and finding in this little corner of the earth sufficient to keep me from being troublesome to any body, I live here much more happily then those who live in Palaces, and whose desires are not therein bounded. But wise *Cleantes*, said *Philoxenes*, will you not tell me what Fortune 'tis that hath brought you hither, and acquaint me precisely with your condition? Sir, said the good Old man, I am descended of honest Parents, of an indifferent Fortune; for mine, you see it is mean enough, and I assure you my worth is not extraordinary. I was forc't to foregoe my Country, for many reasons, too long now to tell, and to seek out a place of Retirement in this Island, where I have lived a good while; but said *Philoxenes*, are you not affraid lest *Policrite*, who may justly be termed a Treasure, may not be safe in such a place as this?

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if I should grant, answered *Cleanthes*, that *Policrite* should be what you say, since this Treasure is only known by Prince *Philoxypes*, I should think it safe enough; you have reason, Father, said he, for what you say, for I engage my self to protect you, against what, or whosoever shall go about to injure you. After this *Cleanthes* led him into his House, where he found *Megisto*, *Cleanthes* wife, who received him so Civily, as he easily discern'd that there was nothing of Rustick nor savage in this family. Shee had by her young *Policrite*, and another Maid handsome enough, whom *Policrite* called Sister, and whose name is *Dorida*: But, good Gods, how fair did *Policrite* appear to *Philoxypes* that day? Her Hair which hung carelessly over her Neck, and which were the one half covered by a thin Tiffany, were ty'd back behinde her head, with a Garland of Orange and Pomegranate flowers, over which hung a thin Veile, with which shee covered her Face when she went in the Sun, and which very well became her Dressing: The rest of her Apparel was white, of a handsome shape; her Sleeves, which were very large, were trust back

with Ribbons of severall colours; and though there was nothing of stately in this habit; and that instead of Pearles and Diamonds, shee was only deck'd with flowrs, yet was there somewhat of so handsome and so comely in her Dressing, as she never appear'd so fair to *Philoxypes*, the more he saw her, the more he was in love with her; and were it that he entertained *Cleanthes*, that he spoke to *Megisto*, that he addrest himself to *Policrite*, or that he said somewhat of civility to *Dorids*, he was still more and more taken. What did he not doe to make them tell him somewhat more then *Cleanthes* had told him, and to perswade them that he might fit them with a better Lodging? He offer'd *Cleanthes* Jewels to dispose of at his pleasure, but let him doe what he could, he could learn nothing, nor obtain nothing, save only leav to come and visit them sometimes, which they granted him, meerly because they knew not how to deny it him. I will not stay to tell you how frequently *Philoxypes* returned thither during twelve Dayes space which he staid at *Clariss*, without returning to *Paphos*; but I will tell you, that *Cleanthes*, who had under-
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standing enough, and *Megisto* who wanted not any, easily perceived that it was *Policrite's* beauty which occasioned this Prince his so frequent Visits, he read her a long Lesson, and wisht her to have a care of her self, and that she should consider that *Philoxypes* his affection could not but redound to her prejudice: and that therefore she should live with him, as with one whom she should never look upon but meerly with respect, not suffering him to engage her in any particular affection. This mean while *Philoxypes*, who perceived he should never have the Freedome to speak to *Policrite* in particular, unlesse it were by chance, came so often thither, as he met her once unaccompanied by any save the young *Dorida*. This being too fair an occasion to let slip, he drew near unto her, and expressing much Love in his looks, Think not, *Policrite*, said he, that I have any thing of mis-becoming to say unto you, though I have diligently watched to entertain you alone; 'Tis only that not knowing how you will receive my affection, I was not desirous to have any witnesses of my misfortune or happiness. Sir, said she, with a Maidenly-blush,

blush, before you speak, consider I beseech you where you are; mark well the Cottage wherein I live, and see what Cloaths I wear. No, *Policrite*, reply'd he, I see nothing but your Eyes, and had you a Crown of Diamonds on your head, I should no more minde it then what you speak of; so firmly are my looks fixt upon your Beauty. Permit me then, Sir, said the discreet and fair Maid, to teach you another thing, which it may be you are ignorant of, and which ought to keep you from saying any thing of unfitting to me. 'Tis, Sir, that this very *Policrite*, whom you see in this Country Cottage, who is thus simply attir'd, who is only known to these Woods and Rocks, hath notwithstanding her meannesse and simplicity, so tender a sense of Honour, that should you offend her never so little therein, she were able to dye for sorrow and dislike. Be carefull then, Sir, to say nothing which may make *Policrite* beleev, that you know her not; for, in fine, she hath such a passion for Vertue, as she should have much adoe not to hate those who should say any thing unto her in opposition thereunto. Fear not, said he,
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fairest *Policrite*, that I shall say any thing to you, which shall offend you, at least which should offend you; for I protest unto you in the presence of the gods, who hear me, that the passion which you have for flowers, fountains, and for these inameld fields, is not more pure, nor more innocent, then that which I have for *Philocrita*; and if there be any difference between them, 'tis that the affection which I bear to her, is so violent and strong, as there is nothing which I shall not willingly undertake to witness it unto her: You cannot better do it, Sir, said she, then in doing me the favour to say no more such things unto me, which will onely serve to trouble the quiet of my life, since if I should not believe you, I should certainly be somewhat troubled to think you would laugh at my simplicity; and if I should believe you, I should almost despair, for being the cause why a great Prince should contract a passion so unworthy of him, and from whence he can never reap any advantage.

For in fine *Policrite* knowing her self, and knowing you also, would not her self commit a fault, nor yet cause you com-

mit one for love of her ; do not therefore ingage your self Sir, in so angerfom an adventure : Let me alone (said shee, looking upon him with an eie, which did rather detain him then drive him away, though it were done without art) let me alone I say, amongst our woods and rocks, and get you to your palaces where you will be much better then here. *Philoxypes* was astonished to hear *Policrite* speak thus, when throwing himself at her feet, no, no divine *Policrite* said he, you are not what you appear to be ; and though you were so, yet would your vertue place you in a degree above all the Queens in the world. Sir said shee, raising him up, think not that I am to be wonn by flatteries ; for though I know not the world by mine own experience, I know it by my Parents relation. I therefore know that love is a dangerous passion, and not knowing precisely what it is, I know it ought to be avoided ; and that I ought rather to apprehend that love which you say you bear me, then any other. And wherefore, *Policrite* said he, do you thus treat that innocent passion, which you raised in my heart ? because said she, it cannot

cannot be but injurious to *Philoxypes*, or to *Policrite*. but say for God's sake said he, suppose that *Policrite* were a Princess, or that *Philoxypes* were of the same condition that *Policrite* is; what would you then think of him? I cannot tell said shee, but this I know sir, that though I should esteem him never so much, nay, though I should love him very much, *Cleanthes* and *Megisto* shou'd alwaies absolutely dispose of me. Say then said he, if they should be favourable, would you without any repugnancy obey them? Sir said shee, smiling a little, I have been so told that I must not lightly trust any one, as I think it not convenient to reveal so great a secret to you. Hereupon *Cleanthes* and *Megisto* returned, and broke off their discourse; *Philoxypes* presently observed that these two persons were troubled at his visits; he therefore resolved not to be so frequent in them, least he might for ever lose a happiness, which now he might sometimes enjoy. Thus, Sir, *Philoxypes* after some short discourse departed, and returned not onely to *Claria*, but to *Paphos*, whether the King had also sent for him; not being able to let him be so long alone

alone and solitary, all the Ladies, and the whole Court complained of him, and could not comprehend the reason of his so long retirement; The King continued to give him new testimonies of his affection, by bestowing on him the government of *Cisbhera*, which was false void by the death of the former governor. He acquainted him with what had befallen him during his absence, with Princess *Aretephile*, and conjur'd him to speak always to her in his behalf. For said he, *Aretephile* hath taken a phancy to be sure of the Crown of *Cyprus*, before she give me her heart, and I will have her give me her heart, before I give her the Crown. *Philoxypes* promised the King to speak to *Aretephile*, but it was with such sadness as all the Court took notice of it. He did almost always little better then rave, he would mistake, and say one thing for another, he shunn'd company, and as soon as he could, he returned to *Claria*. He found more resistancy in *Policrite*, then he thought to have met withall; for she, fearing all things, durst hardly look upon this Prince; the difference of his condition, though it made her more obliged unto

unto him in her soul, yet was it the reason why shee treated him so coolly. *Philoxypes* would have presented the whole Family, but they all refused to receive any. This mean while he was stil more unhappie; for though he loved *Policrita* passionately, and that he valued her more then all the world besides, yet could he never put on a resolution of making any one acquainted with this his so meanly placed passion: He would certainly have been able to live with *Policrita* in any desert Island; but he knew not how he could avow the marrying a Maid of her condition, to the world; yet did he still love her with a respectfull affection, not giving way to any sinfull desire: That pure and unartificial vertue which he saw in *Policrita*, infused into him a greater respect for her, then if shee had been seated on a Throne; he then perceiv'd he loved, without hope of ever finding a remedy for his evil, upon lesser tearms, then resolving to abandon the Court, and Kingdom, and to ask *Policrita* of *Cleambes* upon so vexatious tearms; but that which most of all afflicted him was, that he knew not how he stood in *Policrita's* affection; he

he found her milde and civil, he observes no marks of hatred in her countenance; but there was therein also so great a reservedness, and so exact a modesty, as he could not penetrate her thoughts: He thought also, that *Policrita* was grown somewhat more melancholly then shee had formerly been, and indeed he was not mistaken, for *Philoxypes* his handsomeness, his good behaviour, his wit, and civility, being things not to be seen without likeing; young *Policrita* could not see her self belov'd of such a Prince as he, without having her heart a little toucht with acknowledgement; yet seeing her self in a condition so farre beneath his, and out of a sence of vertue shee must resist this budding affection, she could not but be afflicted at this conquest which shee had made; and to bemoan her self thereof to her dear *Dorida* who had wit enough. Sister! said she unto her, how happie are you in comparison of me, who can take pleasure in walking abroad, in gathering of Flowers, in hearing birds sing, and the fall of waters, and in not being reduced to a condition of complaining of too much good fortune: For in
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fine *Dorida*, *Philoxypes* heart is a conquest which I am sure the greatest Queens would be proud to have made; yet whilst they might innocently rejoice thereat, I must be therewithall afflicted: I could wish I had never seen him; or at least I think I could: For when all is done, though methinks I could heartily desire that he would love me no more, yet am I glad to see him. But if love, repli'd *Dorida*, be so powerfull a thing as it is said to be, how know you but that *Philoxypes* may love you well enough to marry you? Ah Sister, answered she, as I would do nothing misbecoming me, so neither would I that *Philoxypes* should do any thing that might misbecome him to do: But, said *Dorida*, by like then you love *Philoxypes*, since you interest your self in his honour, against your self. *Policrita* blusht at this discourse, and looking confusedly upon *Dorida*, if you were better acquainted with this passion then I, said she, I would tell you whatsoever my soul is sensible of, to the end I might know what to think of it; But I cannot yet believe that this dangerous disease be yet got into my heart; for if you remember well, we have heard *Cleanthes* say, and
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we have read it more then once, that love makes one lose their reason; that it causeth a thousand pains, and vexations, that it sometimes makes people do amiss; and I thank heaven, I do not yet feel any of all this; me thinks my reason is free enough, and I am well enough pleased with the melancholly which possesseth me: For tis true, I oft times talk I know not what, but I delight in doing so; and though I would not love *Philoxypes*, yet there are certain moments wherein I am well enough pleased that he should love me: But as for any thing of fault, so farre am I from being willing to commit any, as I protest unto you, that were it for no other reason, then not to lose *Philoxypes* his esteem and good opinion, I would die a thousand deaths rather then do any thing that should be unjust. You may then believe, that whilst I love vertue, and would become worthy the affection of so great a Prince, I will never do any thing contrary to reputation. I believe you, answered *Darida*; but for all this Sister mine, you deceive your self, if you believe you love not *Philoxypes*: For in a word, you do not love what you lov'd before

before you knew him, you are somewhat more comely, you consult oftner with the Chrifall fountains, and you are quite another thing then you were. Ah Sister, replied *Policrite*, if that were true which you say, I would quickly take order for it, I would never fee *Philoxypes*, but to ufe him harfhly; to the end, that he hating me, I might no longer love him. Thefe two young people having entertained themfelves thus upon the bank of a little rivelet, *Cleanthes* and *Megifto*, who had altered their minds, came thither; and bidding *Dorida* withdraw a little; *Megifto* began to fay; *Policrite*! it is not many days fince I told you, that in refpect of your condition, you fhould never look upon *Philoxypes*, but with a great deal of refpect; but fearing left through that inequality which you may believe to be between you and him, you may not appear to be fo much obliged to him for his affection, as indeed to put fomewhat too great an eftimation thereupon: *Cleanthes* and my felf have refolved to tell you, that your true condition confidered, you are not bound to behold *Philoxypes* at any time, but with a great deal of indifference:

rency : For in a word, said *Cleanthes*, not to disguise the truth from you any longer, you are what you think not your self to be, and we are likewise that which you know not, and what you shall not as yet know ; because the Gods have not permitted us as yet to let you know it : But to shew you how much you are more obliged then you think for, to be vertuous, know *Policrite* that you are of as Noble blood as any is in all *Greece* : And how answered *Policrite*, interrupting him, am I not what I alwaies thought to be ? No daughter said he ; to number Kings amongst your Ancestors, is not the greatest mark of honour that you make boast of. There is somewhat of more August in your race, then what I speak of : Therefore that I might raise up your heart, I thought it good to trust you with this important secret, (which I charge you not to reveal to any one) as also to let you know the better how much bound you are not to doe any thing unworthy of your Fathers house, nor of the condition you are born in. *Policrite* was exceedingly joy'd to hear *Cleanthes* speak after this manner, though her joy was not

not over quiet ; for shee was in trouble to know more precisely what was told her. Father said shee, leave me not in such perplexity ; tell me a little more plainly, I beseech you, so pleasing a truth, and let me know who I am.

The Gods have forbidden us it , my daughter, answered he, by the mouth of an Oracle : you must be content with what you have heard : but make use thereof to defend your self against *Philoxypes* love ; and far from looking on him, as on a Prince who hath don you too much honour : look rather on him, as on one whom you shall favour by your per-mittance.

This is not, said *Cleanthes*, to deny, but that *Philoxypes* is indow'd with all the virtues and qualities requisite for a great Prince ; but tis, my childe, to let you know, that there is a certain pride which doth not mis-become a young maide to defend her self thereby against love, when we have an esteem ; for those that are above us, tis hard to gainsay , if they intreat. And on the contrary, when we believe them to be beneath us, or at least but our equals, we stand not much upon
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denying them unjust things. *Policrite* assured then *Cleanthes* and *Megisto* ; That though shee had known nothing of what they now had told her, shee should never have done any thing contrary to that decency which shee had learnt of them. But how much were they mistaken , if their design were to hinder *Policrite* from loving *Philoxypes*.

Sometimes shee was filled with joy, to know that she was of Noble descent; and afterwards, being willing to make use thereof, to drive thereby the beginning of affection which *Philoxypes* worth had already raised in her, out of her heart, shee found it the more fortified by this knowledge. For said shee, the knowledge of what I am, doth not take from the obligation which I ow him; since he knows not that I am any thing more then what I seem to be.

But for me, who now know what I am, why should I not hope that the Gods permitting *Philoxypes* to know my true condition, may not so order it, as that I may love him and be blameless, and be beloved by him innocently? No, no, *Policrite* added shee, let us no longer defend our
heart

heart any longer with such opiniatrecie ; let us content our selves with concealing our recentments, & do nothing that shall be faulty: & let us not reject, as a mischief the love of a Prince , to whom the wisest king of the world would not refuse to give his daughter. But it may be, said she, that *Philoxypes* doth but counterfeit , that he hath sinful thoughts towards thee , and that thy simplicity abuseth thee.

Stay then, said she, to be resolved herein, and make trial of his constancy and fidelity, by an appearing indifferency, which may leave him without hope.

Thus was *Policrite* minded, when *Philoxypes* came to her ; as soon as she saw, him she began to go towards her Cottage; but he, advancing hastily , stayed her ; yet not being above twenty paces from it, and there being two of her women-servants at work in a Close hard by them, she stayed. What, *Policrite*, said he, you shun a Prince, who shuns all the world for love of you ? Sir, said she, (after somewhat more an imperious manner then before, though she intended not so to do) I do what peradventure you ought to doe : For in fine, what advan-

tage can you hope for by your visits and solicitations? The contentment said he, to hear from your fair mouth, that you do not hate me: If that be all you desire to be satisfied in, replied she, you may easily compasse your desires; but ask no more, upon pain of refusall. What, lovely *Policrite*, said he, will you never love me, and shall all I can do to win your affection, prove useles? no, 'tis impossible, were you as incensible, as those pictures which I have of you. My pictures, replied *Policrite*? Yes, added *Philoxyes*, I am not so unfortunate as you think for; in despite of you, and without your consent, I have the contentment of seeing you daily.

Ah! said *Policrite*, I perceive *Mandrocles* hath betrayed me, and hath falsified his word. *Philoxyes* askt her then, how she came to know *Mandrocles*? She told him how that famous Painter walking daily when his leisure would permit him, amongst those rocks to draw some landscapes, had one day by chance light upon their house: where, having seen her, he had begg'd leave of *Cleantes* to draw her picture, which *Cleantes* would have refused

refused him, but that seeing his importunity, he was afraid lest he might speak of her to him at *Claria*, and that therefore he gave way unto his desire, upon condition that he should not make use of this picture, in any of his pieces, but as of a head made by fancy and imagination, and making him take a solemn oath, never to speak with any body whosoever, of any acquaintance he had with them. That since that time, as long as *Mandrocles* tarried at *Claria*, he came to teach her to design, and had drawn her picture in twenty several postures. She then enquired of *Philoxypes*, whether *Mandrocles* had spoken to him of her, or no? And he told her the whole truth: but you may perceive, said *Philoxypes*, that the Goddess whom you represent, intends not that you should always be inhumane, since she would her self appear in your vizard.

Sir, said she, not being of your Isle, my devotion leads me rather to be a Vestress to *Diana*, then to worship *Venus Urania*; therefore it is not this your reason that will prevail with me: to boot, that his Goddess approving only of such pas-

sions as are innocent, will certainly never counsel me to admit of yours. Virtues self, replied *Philoxypes*, would advise you to it; and did you know my heart, you would need no other Counsellor then your self. It would take up so much time, replied she, to make me know it, as I shall advise you not to undertake the work. But said he, if I do undertake it, and if I make it evident to you, that never man loved any thing as I love you, what will you then think? I would think, said she, that you were very unfortunate, in having so passionately loved one, who is unworthy of so much honor. But said he, would you think your self any waies obliged unto me? I should be sorrie for you, said she, and would wish your cure either by absence, or by forgetfulnesse.

Ah! cruel maid, said he, wish it rather by your compassion and charity; and promise me only that you will afford me leisure to perswade you, that I am the most in love of all men. To do as you say, said she, would be to be somewhat perswaded thereunto already; therefore (and with this, she walked towards her Cottage

tage) I will listen no longer to you. After this manner did *Philoxypes* pass away his time; having but very few moments of delight, amongst many howres of anguish.

This mean while, he could not endure to tarry at *Paphos*, and when he went thither, all he could do, was only to visit the Princess *Aretephile*, which the King compelled him to do; but he appeared so melancholly, and so changed, as he was hardly to be known. The King, who loved him dearly, was much afflicted to see it; he together with the whole court, sought what might be the occasion of this alteration; but they could not finde it. The King askt it of *Philoxypes* self, but could learn nothing. *Philoxypes* answering alwaies, that it was some melancholly, which proceeded certainly from his temper, and from some little indisposition of health.

But said the King, solitariness is no usual cure for such incommodities; wherefore you ought not to go any more to *Claria*: Yet affairs went still on thus, yea even when Winter was come, which did the more astonish the whole Court; they

knew he built no more at *Claria*, that the Painters and Engravers, who had been so long there, were all gone; that the season was foul; that when he went thither, 'twas but with a small train; and that he walked alwaies alone: they saw a strange sadnesse in his face, and a wonderful alteration; and all this without any appearing cause. The King heaped favours and honours upon him; he askt him an hundred times, what he vvould desire of him: he had not any one enemy; the whole Court loved him; hee was exceeding rich; he appeared not to have any sicknesse, as the Physitians could perceive: In fine, his melancholie and retirednesse, were things which could not be guesst at. The whole Court talkt of nothing else; and the King was strangely troubled at it; who, not knowing how to inform himself of what *Philoxypes* ail-ed, he bethought himself of me, whom he knew this Prince did love particularly, and in whom he did more confide, then in any other.

Thus upon a day, when *Philoxypes* was gone to *Claria*, the King sent for me; and after having assured his Majestie, (as it
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was true) that I knew nothing of particular concerning this Prince his melancholy, he did me the honour to command me to go to him, and to use all my cunning to discover what it was that was in his minde : For, said he, *Leontidas*, I doe so love *Philoxypes*, as I cannot live content unlesse I see he do so likewise ; and were it to give him half my Kingdom, I would doubtlesly do it, rather then not to give him satisfaction.

I then departed, reallie intending to endeavour to satisfie the Kings curiositie, who certainlie stood in need of *Philoxypes* presence, to counsel and comfort him concerning *Aretephiles* behaviour ; for I think there was never known a stiffer combat between ambition and love.

I went then to *Clarja* where I found *Philoxypes* in his usual melancholie ; the which I made the greater, because I hindered him from going that daie to *Cleanthes*. At first sight of me, he endeavored notwithstanding, to inforce himself to honor me so much, as to seem glad to see me ; but it was after a fashion, which made me easilie see that his heart gain-said his words ; and that notwithstanding

ding any friendship he had for me, he wisht I had tarried still at *Paphos*.

Leontidas ! said he, I am much beholding to you for coming to visit me in a season, when the Countrie hath lost all its ornaments; and when the Court is fullest of diversions.

Sir, said I, you commend me with less reason, then the Court complains of you; for to forgo *Paphos* for *Clarissa*, when you are there, 'tis to forgo the Court, for the Court; nay, for the most pleasing part of the Court: but to forgo *Paphos*, only to seek out solitarines at *Clarissa*, as you do, Oh, Sir, said I, (not suspecting him notwithstanding of any passion) 'tis all that a Prince in love, who is upon bad terms with his Mistresse, can do. *Philoxypes* blusht at these words, and looking upon me with a kind of smile, which did not, notwithstanding drive the melancholy from his countenance; I perceive, *Leontidas*, said he, I am not so much beholding to you, as I had thought, since doubtleslie you are come hither rather to chide me, then to visit me.

I am come, Sir, said I, to trie whether

ther I may not be able to serve you in a time when all the world believes that somewhat of great importance, which they cannot guess at, doth afflict you. *Leontidas*, said he, I am much bound to you, but I should be so more, if you could hinder the Court from looking so far into my heart. For I confess said he, I finde it somewhat hard that a man may not look inwards sometimes, though whilst he does so, he is hardly master of his own minde.

Sir, said I, were you less beloved, you would not suffer under this persecution which you complain of: This kinde of Love replied he, causeth in me no small suffering: For what can I more rationally do, then to conceal my Melanchollie in a retiredness, to the end that I may not trouble the joy of others. But Sir, said I, tis the cause of this Melanchollie which every body seeks after, and none can finde: as for my particular, I must crave your pardon if I do. For Sir, tis not ambition that torments you. No, *Leontidas*, said he, if I were sick of that disease, the King would quicklie cure me. Neither is it revenge, said I, for not being hated
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by any, it is not to be believed that you are posselt with hatred. You have reason for what you say, said he; and sighing added, I think I am mine own greatest enemy. It is not said I again the passion which you have for books, for that passion may cause solitariness, but not such melancholly as you are posselt withall. And moreover, you have had that passion a long time, without the product of so bad an effect. It is not books certainly said he, which cause my trouble, which were I capable of reason, would rather be my comfort. It is not Love said I, that torments you, for you see none that can cause it in you. Conclude then, said he, taking me in his arms, that there is no more to be said, but that I hate my self, that I have lost my reason, and if my friends be wise, they will let me alone, and will leave the knowledge, or cure of my malladie, to the process of time.

Sir said I, shall *Leontidas*, who hath so particular an affection for you, be dealt withall as others are? shal he have known nothing more of your concernments, then do your enemies, if any such you have? Ah, Sir, said I, you must if you please do otherwise,

therwise: & to prove to you that *Leontidas* doth in some sort deserve you should do so, know Sir, that hitherto I have spoken unto you as a spie, sent by the King, who will know at whatsoever price, what tis that afflicts your minde. But after having bootlesly acquitted my self of my Commission, I speak no longer Sir; as one sent by the King, but as one who is resolved to serve you with his life, if it shall be needfull; and never absolutely to give you over till he know the cause of your Melancholy: for Sir, if there be no cause of this Melancholy, and that it be but a distemper of humours, I must stay here, that I may endeavour, mauger your self, to divert you; and if there be any cause for it, *Leontidas* must likewise serve you therein, if there should redound no other benefit to you thereby, then to help you to keep it concealed from the King, and from the whole Court, if you desire it should be concealed from them.

I do not know any way, said he, to keep it undiscovered better, then to tell it to no body.

But Sir, said I, if you treat me with this indifferencie, when I shall return to *Paphos*,

phos, and the King shall ask me what I think of your Melancholie, I must needs say something to him.

And what will you say to him, replied *Philoxypes*? I think Sir, said I, that to revenge my self for the little confidence you have in me, I will say what I do not waies believe, to wit, that you are in love; and that the shame of your former inflexableness, or of your new weakness, hinders you from avowing it: nay, I will peradventure tel him, said I, in mockerie, that that *Venus Urania*, which people have so much quarrel'd with you about since the great feast which you made here, and which did precede but a few daies your melancholy humor hath strucky you effectually in love. In fine sir, there is nothing of so odd, which I shall not say to revenge my self for the wrong you do the passion which I have to your service.

During this discourse, *Philoxypes* changed colour twentie times; and were it out of friendship, or out of my importunitie, or that indeed those that are in love love naturallie to speak thereof, he took me by the hand, led me into his Cabinet, and after having made me take sundrie
solemn

solemn Oaths, never to discover what he should say unto me; and all this with as much ceremonie, and pressure, as if he had some conspiracie to discover unto me against the state, or some attempt upon the Kings Person; he told me that he was in love.

What Sir, said I, these retirements, these Melanchollies, and this impenetrable secret, which all the world in vain seeks to finde out: is it onely that you are in Love? Ah, *Leontydas*, said he, mock not at my misery; for it is greater then you can imagine. But Sir, said I, I have much ado to imagine that you can be so unfortunate as you say, since I cannot conceive that there is e're a Princess in the Kingdom (except ambitious *Aretephile*, who will be Queen) who will not favourably entertain your affection, when you shall make it known unto her. Alas! said he, with a sigh, Love hath dealt much more cruellie with me then you are aware of; and since I must discover unto you the secret of my heart, know that I have met with an invincible resistance, in one who lives amongst these rocks, and dwels but in a cottage.

Yes

Yes *Leontidas*, I have found a maid, or to say better, I have found virtue it self, wholly pure, and under the vifage of *Venus Urania*, which hath and doth yet resist me. A maid who is not touch'd with ambition; in whom beautie causeth no affectation nor pride; who hath simplicitie and wit, gallantrie and sinceritie; and who in a sandie and desert place, which the Gods alone have pointed out unto me: speaks better then all the wittiest Ladies in the Court

But when all this is done, she lives in a Cottage, her condition appears to be very mean, if I consider all that is about her; and when I consider onely her self, or do but hear her speak, shee appears to be upon a throne: Her Governours are virtuous, and discreet, but still *Leontidas* they live in a Cottage, and will not abandon it. At last said he with tears almost standing in his eies, I am the most unfortunate of all men: I have a passion which I cannot overcome, and which I will not have known: I too much respect *Policrite's* worth (for so is shee called of whom I speak) to have any sinful desire towards her

her, which though *I* should have, t'would be to no purpose: *I* likewise am too great a lover of *G'orie*, to resolve to marry a maid of this condition without much repugnancie, ; Yet can *I* not live without her: my sufferings are such that *I* cannot express them, and seeing no remedie for my *Malladie*; *I* bear it patientlie without complaining of it, and void of all hope but death.

Phylloxypes told me this in so feeling a manner, as *I* much pittied him: He then told me all that had befallen him: How t'was he met *Policrite*, how he was surprized that it was shee by whom *Mandrocles* had drawn the Picture of *Venus Urania*, and all the rest which *I* have told you. *I* was somewhat surprized at this fantastick passion, chieflie when *I* call'd to mind *Phylloxypes* former inflexibleness; Yet did *I* endeavor to comfort him. Sir, said *I*, such a beauty as that is which you represent unto me, and such a one as *I* have seen in the *Venus* in your Gallerie, bears some excuse with it, of what condition soever the possessors are, especiallie when it occasions onelie som passing passions, and which are of no long durance,

as *I* wil hope yours will prove. No, no, said he *Leontydas*, do not deceive your selves; *I* will love *Polycrite* till death. But Sir, not to abuse your patience, perceiving *Philoxypes* grievance too great to be cured *I* smoothed it, and sweetened it as much as possible *I* could. He then led me into his gallerie, to shew me his excuse, though *I* had seen his pictures many times before: we afterwards walked abroad, but he being able onely to walk one way, we were soon amongst the Rocks, in a place from whence we might discover *Polycrite's* habitation, which we no sooner saw, but blushing with confusion, he said tis there my dear *Leontydas* where she that *I* adore doth live; tis underneath that roofe, which *I* prefer before the proudest Palaces, that *Philoxypes* findes some moments of content: and tis there in fine that all my joy and happiness is circumscribed. Sir said *I*, there needs no greater proofes of *Polycrites* beautie, then the smalness of her Cottage; and whosoever shall imagine that *Phylaxypes* affection is placed therein, cannot doubt but that he hath argued the matter with himself as much as he was able.

In fine, Sir, after that he had enlarged himself in expressing *Policrytes* charming beautie, not suffering me to see her for fear of offending her: I must think of returning to *Paphos*, for I had promised the King to return that very night. I asked *Phylaxypes* what I should say unto him; any thing said he my dear *Leontydas* rather then the truth of my adventure: For in the minde that I am of, I think that I should run mad if the King should know it.

I then left him after he had made me swear a hundred times, not to discover the least part of his misfortune. I went to finde out the King, who expected me with much impatiency, and who had purposely withdrawn himself early, to the end that I might speak with more freedom to him when I should return.

And How, *Leontydas*, said he? what doth our solitarie companion do?

Sir said I, terming him as you do, your Majesty may easily guess at what he does. He muses, he walks, he reads; looks upon his pictures, and statues; goes from one place to another, and seeking ease every where, he findes it no where.

But *Leontidas*, said he, you speak to me as *Philoxypes* doth, and tis not that which I expect from you.

Sir, said I, I have done all I am able to satisfie your Majestie; but I confesse my journey hath not been so successfull as I hoped for: For all that *Philoxypes* saies, is only that he findes himself somewhat ill disposed, and that he is posselt with a Melancholy which he cannot master.

Did you ask him said the King, whether it were not that he did wish for somewhat which I have not bethought myself to give him, because I knew not that he did desire it?

Oh, Sir, said I, (thinking I had done well) it is not ambition that torments *Philoxypes* who is so satisfied with your Majesties goodness, as he desires nothing more then what he hath.

Have you then discovered, said he, that he hath any thing of private discontent against any one of this Court? For if it be so, I will make his interest mine, and will as severely revenge any injury done unto him, as if it had been done unto my self.

Sir, said I, *Philoxypes* appears to be so well beloved of all the world, as tis hard

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Philoxypes and Policrite. 85

to think any one should injure him. I know not then what to imagine, said the King; but if *Philoxypes's* Ambition be satisfied, and that it is not hatred nor revenge that doth trouble him, he must needs be in Love.

Your Majestie, Sir, said I, doth too well know *Philoxypes's* inflexibleness, to suspect any such thing in him. No *Leontidas*, said he, *Philoxypes* past obduretie, is not a Reason strong enough to perswade me that he is obdurat stil. I am almost confident that tis this passion which robs me of *Philoxypes's* companie; For in fine he hath all the marks of one in love. His countenance is altered, he not having been sick; he is melancholly without any appearing cause: he doth little else but rave; he cannot stay long in a place; he conceals his melancholly from us; he cannot endure that one should take notice of it; he gives over thinking of his affairs; he visits none but by constraint, and unless it be the Princess *Aretephile*, whom he hath seen by my command, he hath not visited any one Ladie since we were at *Claria*.

Sir, said I, part of what you alleadge to

prove that *Philoxypes* is in Love, me thinks makes for the contrarie: For if he were in Love, he would certainly seek out the partie beloved; we should never see him from her: instead of being melanchollie, he would studie to play the Gallant more, and would be the more sociable: and instead of seeking out solitariness, as he doth, me thinks he should rather add to the Court diversions: and that his chiefeest imployments should be musick, Baals, conversation, and going abroad.

You say well, answered the King, for what concerns ordinarie passions, or such Lovers as have been fortunate in their affections; but there are certain giddie headed passions out of the common road, which arising from a melanchollie anguish, feed themselves therewithall, and shun whatsoever affords delight. But that which doth a little trouble me, is that I cannot imagin who tis that *Philoxypes* can love, & be hardlie dealt withal by; for certainly there is never a Ladie in all my Court, who would not glorie in having wonn his heart: and moreover I have not observed that he hath applied

plied himself to converse with any one in particular, yet doubtlesie *Philoxypes* is in Love.

Sir, said I, be not so resolute in your assertion, till you have stronger proofes thereof, and till you may at least conjecture who it is he is in love withall. The King began then to number over all the Ladies of the Court, one by one, & found not any one of them that he was likelie to be in Love withall.

He then began to walk not saying one word: soon after I saw some colour com in his face, and presently, me thought, he was much disquieted.

Leontydus, said he, you know more then you will tell me.

Sir, said I, I have said nothing but truth unto your Majestie. For in fine *Phylloxypes* his Ambition is satisfied; he hath no enemies that I know of, and if I be not deceived, the fairest Ladies of the Court have no great power over him.

Ah! *Leontydus*, said he, you conceal the truth from me; but I know it without your telling. Yes, *Leontydus*, said he, *Philoxypes* doth Love, and so love, as doubtlesie he is much afflicted thereat, and which he

will withstand and overcome : were not my thought true, he would not make his passion so great a secret. But good Gods, said he, how unfortunate am I? and to what strange extremitie am I reduced; for in fine, *Leontydas*, said he, confess the truth, *Phyloxypes*, mauger himself, is become my rival, and his grief for it is the cause of his melanchollie.

Ah ! Sir, said I, (not having leasure to think of what I said) I know not the cause of *Phyloxypes* his melanchollie; but I very well know he is not in Love with Princess *Aretephile*, and that he too much respects your Majestie to suffer such a thought enter his brest.

Think well *Leontydas*, said he, on what you say : you assure me you know not the cause of *Phyloxypes* his melanchollie, and yet you know he is not my rivall : once more *Leontydas*, if you know the business, let me know it : or if you know it not; confess my suspitions are well grounded, and fear not for all this, that I wish any harm to *Phyloxypes* : on the contrarie I shal be beholden to him for it.

I was extreemly troubled to hear the King talk thus; for without violating what

what we hold most sacred, I could not reveal *Philoxypes* his secret, which he had made me swear above a hundred times not to do.

To consent likewise that the King should suspect him to be his Rivall, me thought it was a business of too great importance to leave him in that opinion; but the more I perswaded him to the contrary, the more firmly did he believe it. No, said he, I am cause of mine own misfortune; and of *Phylxoipes* his misfortune too: tis *I* who made him visit *Aretephile* more then any other; tis mine own hand that hath enthralld him, and tis *I* who am the cause of all his sufferings: For said he, *I* easilie comprehend he seeks out all this solitariness onely to rid him of this passion: nay, *I* have observed that of late he hath been troubled as oft as *I* have spoken to him to speak to *Aretephile*, that he hath shun'd such Commissions as much as he could; and I am too much perswaded that he hath argued the business stiffly with himself, and I am the onely cause of what he suffers.

Good gods, said he, how great is my misfortune? there is not any one man in
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all my Kingdom, whom I should not hate if he were my rival, unless it be he; and there is not any Ladie in the Court, in whose Love he would not have been happy, except *Aretaphile*.

But Sir, said I again, I protest unto you he is not in love with her; and I protest to you, replied he, expressing an extreame grief, that *Philoxypes* is my Rival; for were it not so, he would not conceal his passion from me.

The respect he bears to you, said I, ought to hinder him from so doing, if he were in Love.

No, no, replied he, you shall no longer abuse me; and I am equally perswaded of *Philoxypes* his love, of his innocencie, and of my misfortune. For in fine, that the man in the world that I love best, should fall in Love with the oneliest Ladie that I can Love: and that I should see my self cruelly necessitated, either to forsake *Aretaphile*, or to see *Philoxypes* die, it is an unsufferable adventure.

Sir, I beseech you, said I, expect till she hath once more seen *Phylloxypes*, and have absolutelie commanded him to discover his heart unto her, before you resolve on any

any thing; and if you please I will bring him hither to morrow morning.

No, no, replied the King, you shall not stir out of the Pallace this day; nor shall you see *Philoxypes* before me. In effect this Prince gave one of his servants charge over me; and commanded me to withdraw into a Chamber, which was appointed for me in the Pallace.

'Twould be too difficult a thing to represent unto you my vexation, and the Kings disquiet: since to tell you true, he had as much friendship for *Philoxypes*, as Love for *Aretaphile*.

Who ever saw, said he, (for he himself told it afterwards) an adventure like to mine? I have a Rival whom I must love in despite of me, and who gives me more occasion to love him, for the affection he bears to my Mistress, then for all the service he ever did me; and then for all the good Offices he hath done me to her, it being certain that I need onely look upon him, to see what he suffers in my consideration; and that I need onely consider what life he leads, to see how much I am beholden to him. I observe in his eies a melancholly, which makes me
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apprehend his death : and I seein all his actions, visible signs of his love to *Aretaphile*, and of his respect to me. What shall I do, said he ? shall I seem not to know this passion, and let *Philoxypes* die? But tis no longer time to conceal what I think, since *Leontidas* knows it. *Leontidas* who is so much his confident, and shares so deeply in his friendship : shall I also tel *Philoxypes* that I know his love, and not complain of him ? and if I should complain, how weak a succor would this be ? I should peradventure hasten his hour of death, by making him dispair. But shall I quit *Aretaphile*, and let my friendship exceed my Love ? *Philoxypes* his passion is unjust ; but passions are not voluntarie, and he hath done what ever he could, or ought to have done, since not being able to keep from loving, he hath yet kept from making his love known ; and hath rather chosen to hazard his life by his respectfull silence, then to preserve it by making his passion known, which he knows will displease me.

The King past the night in this manner very unquietly : sometimes he was agitated with anger, and hatred, not know-

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ing whom he hated, or on whom he desired to be revenged: sometimes he did a little blame *Philoxypes*, for not having at the very first acquainted him with his passion: sometime he betook himself to *Aretaphiles* beauty; but at last he blamed himself.

Then suddainly considering the pitefull condition into which *Phylloxypes* was brought, and what an unhappy life he led, his heart was so touched with compassion as he did almost love his pretended Rival, better then his Mistrefs. He then called to minde, how that all the favours he had received from her, had been husbanded, and obtained by *Phylloxypes* his means. He past the next morning in like perplexitie, and strange irrelolutions; at last having dined somewhat early, he went well accompanied to lie that night at *Claria*, not affording me any opportunitie to give any notice thereof to *Philoxypes*; for he into whose custodie I was given, thinking it had been for some business of another nature, treated me as a prisoner of the State and would not give me the least libertie.

The king commanded me to follow him,
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so as I came with him to *Clarina*, he not having spoken one word all the way long, but musing still on his adventure : But when we were come thither, *Phylloxipes's* people told the King, that their Master was not at home ; and that according to his custom, he was walked out all alone. The King informed himself carefully of one of his servants, who had a long time waited on him, whether he knew not the cause of his Masters melancholly : this servant who loved his Master dearly, that he might make use of the honour the King did him in speaking to him, said ;

Sir, I know not what my master ayles, but this I know, that if your Majestie out of your goodness finde not some means to cure him of the Melancholly which possesseth him, he will certainly not live long ; For he eats little, hardly sleeps at all, does nothing but sigh, cannot endure that one should speak to him about busines, wanders whole daies in the fields ; and I once heard him cry out, when he little thought I did so. Good gods, what would the King say, if he saw how great my sadness is ! and how hardly would he guess at the cause of my death ?

In fine Sir, said this man, with tears almost in his eyes, *I know not what to say, but*

I am very certain your Majesty will lose the faithfulest of all your servants, if you lose the Prince my Master.

Whilest this man spake thus, I was strangely in pain; for I saw all that he said tended to confirm the King in his Opinion: I was much the better for beckning unto him, he never looked on me, so intent was he to what he said.

The King on his part sighed, and having left the other, well, *Leontidas*, you will not have it that *Philoxypes* is in Love, nor that it is *Aretaphile* whom he loves? Sir, said I, I confess I am stil of that belief, and I wou'd your Majesty could resolve to be so too.

O, Unfortunate *Philoxypes* cried the King! (not answering me) how sad is this distemper? and how unfortunat am I my self, that I cannot absolutely cure thee of the Malladie that possesseth thee. I would then have gone to finde out *Philoxypes*, that I might acquaint him with the Kings sense before he saw him, but the King would not suffer me: but making the way be shewn unto him, which *Philoxypes* most usually went, we went directly towards the head of *Claria*.

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Philoxypes was this mean while gone to *Cleantes* his house, where the face of affairs was a little altered; for *Policrita* knowing that her condition was not what she believed it to be, *Philoxypes* his desert had made a further advancement in her heart then formerly: neither could she so well hide her affection, but that *Cleantes* and *Megisto* were much to their grief aware thereof.

Yet was *Philopyxes* ne're a whit the more happie: for *Policrite* having tane a Fancie to make tryal of his affection by an appearing indifferency, did very carefully conceal from him, the affection shee had for him.

And in truth that very day that the King came to *Claria*, where we mist of *Phyloxypes*, she had caused as much trouble in him, as admiration. For being gone to her, and having found her at the root of a tree, where shee was designing out a corner of the countrey which pleased her, he began to entertain her with his passion, and to tell her how it grew still more violent upon him.

Sir, said she, if I may be permitted to do so, I should tell you, That if you desire
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to win my good esteem, you should do better to tell me, that your passion grows every day more moderate: for to tell you the truth, I do somewhat apprehend these extravagant passions, which I have heard spoken of, and which they say, does disorder reason, makes men lose the respect they ow to virtue, though it inhabit in a Cottage, and which occasion a hundred strange things, the very hearing whereof causeth horror; Therefore, Sir, if you would oblige me, you will satisfy your self with telling me, you have affection enough for me, to wish if it were possible that Fortune had been more propitious to me, that I had been born of a higher condition then I am, or at least this not being so, I might rest content with my own condition, without envying others.

To love you with indifferencie, said *Philoxypes*, (who acquainted me afterwards with this their conversation) your beautie should be indifferent, your virtue and discretion should be so also: in fine that inexpressable Charm, which I finde in every of your words, looks, and actions, ought not to inchant me as it doth:

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But divine *Policrite*, apprehend nothing from the violence of my passion; for the stronger it is, the fuller of respect shall I be, and the more obedient to your will.

Sir, said She, if what you say be true, speak no more thereof I beseech you; for not comprehending that I may lawfully give you any part of my affection, mee thinks I ought intreat you to entertain me no longer with yours.

But Divine *Policrita*, said he, for whom do you reserve that Glorious affection, which you cruelly affirm I shall never enjoy?

At these words she blusht, and modestly bowing down her eyes, I reserve it said she, for our woods, fields, rocks, and fountains, whereof Sir, said shee, smilingly, I think you will not be jealous.

I shall not be jealous of them said hee, but I shall envy them, and I shall not easily endure that you should love things to my prejudice, which cannot love you again. But cruel maid, will you say nothing to me of more obliging? and forgoing the Court as J do for love of you, and renouncing what ever is in the world, except

cept it be *Policrite*; is it possible you should not deal with me a little less severely? J do not desire you to love me, say onely that you are not sorry that J love you; and add if you please, that if J be not beloved, tis because you neither do nor will love any thing.

For what's to come, said *Policrite*, tis a thing to which J ought not to answer with such assurance; and as you knew not the day before J had the honour to be known unto you, that you should so oft forgo your Pallaces to come to this Cottage wherein I live: how do I know whether the resolution which I now take of suffering no affection to enter my heart, will still continue? No, Sir, wee must not trust so absolutely in our selves; nor can I answer otherwise then for my present opinions.

Shew me then, replied he, what they really are; to the end I may know what to do.

Sir, said *Policrite*, having much esteem, and much of respect for you, I must confesse I should be sorry that you should love one long, whose condition were not answerable to yours, and that I

could not receive a much greater displeasure.

Philoxypes, who knew not the hidden sense of these words, answered, That supreme beautie had in it, somewhat of Cœlestiall, which did ennoble all those that were therewithall indued.

In my opinion said shee, a certain proportion is requisite in all things to occasion love, therefore do not deceive your self; and if I were at any time to love any body, it should certainly be one of my own condition: nor should I ever resolve to marrie any one that were not so.

What *Policrite*! said *Philoxypes*, much afflicted, do you speak the truth?

Yes; Sir, said shee, and time will make you finde it so.

But *Policrite*, replied he, you remember not that you are a miracle, and that there are no men of your condition amidst these rocks, who deserve so much as to look upon you.

I will then love nothing, Sir, said shee, and so shee rose up, for shee saw *Cleantes* and *Megisto* coming, who much troubled at this Prince his so frequent visits, especially, having observed what they thought

thought they had done in *Policrites* behaviour, desired him not to give himself the trouble to come so often thither.

Philoxypes, who was somewhat moved at those cruel words (as he understood them) which *Policrite* had uttered which made notwithstanding so much for him, could not with his accustomed moderation receive the discourse of *Cleanthes* and *Megisto*, but anger might easilie be seen in his face, and grief in his eyes.

Cleanthes, said he, since I come not hither to rob you of the treasure which the Gods have given you, withstand not the satisfaction which I finde in admiring that virtue in *Policrite* which you have infused into her.

Sir, said *Cleanthes*, though I very well know your worth, I cannot but fear least *Policrite* who hath not yet lived long enough to know precisely what bounds to put to the respect she owes you, may be failing in something either to you, or to her self.

No, no, said *Philoxypes*, somewhat roundly, you need not fear what you say, you may rather fear least her severity and yours make me lose my reason. In

fine this conversation, though full of respect to *Policrite*, was so passionate, as *Cleantes* and *Megista* were much troubled at it, and *Policrites* self was sufficiently disquieted thereat, and was sorry that she had spoken so despitefully to *Philoxypes*. But at last this Prince departed much discontented, and much in love: and as he returned back with intention to get on horse back where he had wont to leave his followers, he met the King who was lighted on foot, and on whom I had the honour to wait.

You may imagine how much he was surpris'd at this sight. As soon as he saw the King, striving as much as he could to hide his Melancholy, he mended his pace, and having done his obeysance, Sir said he, your Majesty quits *Paphos* in a season wherein you are not much accustomed to seek out solitary walks.

You have reason for what you say, said the King, but it seems less strange to me that I should come to seek for *Philoxypes* at *Glaria*, then that I should finde him amongst the Rocks. The day being fair enough, though in Winter, the King who could no longer stay from acquainting
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Philoxypes with what he had in his heart, made a sign to the few that waited not him to stand off, and commanded me to stay.

There remained none then with him but *Phylloxipes* and my self; we all stood silent for a good while, and certainly had all of us much differing thoughts. The King seeing *Philoxypes* so altered, so melancholy, and so perplex't, endeavour'd to make his friendship outgo his Love: *Philoxypes* would have found by the King's eyes and mind, what the King had to say to him, and why he had taken this journey, fearing by the signs which I made, least he had discovered his passion.

For my particular, I was ready to go wilde, to think I could not advertise *Philoxypes*, nor durst not tell the King what I knew of his love, whom he took to be his Rivall; but at last this long silence where in every one of us said several things unto our selves, was first broke by the King, who looking in a much obliging manner upon this Prince, imbraced him, and said, be not offended that I know the secret of your soul, and that I am not ignorant of the passion which torments you.

Philoxypes surprised to hear the King speak thus, looked with a blush upon me; and the King imagining (as it was true) that he thought I had betrayed him, looked upon me too: and to punish me (as he told me afterwards) for not having told him the truth, not giving me leave to speak, and not disabusing *Philoxypes* in what he had conceived of me: once more said he, my dear *Phylloxypes*, be not afflicted that I have discovered your love, and believe I esteem you never a whit the less.

Sir, replied *Philoxypes*, me thinks if your Majestie did know the true cause of my affliction, you should be so good as to bewail me, and not to speak of it.

No, *Philoxypes*, replied the King, my goodness shall extend it self much further then so, for you: I am come hither expressly to accompany you in your solitairiness: for since I cannot make you happy, I must at least make my self unhappy with you.

Sir, said *Philoxypes*, you altogether confound me; take no such resolution I beseech you, leave me to bear the punishment of my weakness alone, and believe
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me I shall infinitely praise your goodness, if you wil suffer me to die in peace amidst these woods, and rocks.

The King touched with extream compassion, once more straitly imbraced *Philoxypes*, and looking upon him with a very sad look, I crave your pardon said he *Philoxypes*, if I cannot as yet absolutely yeild *Aretaphile* to you : but I am come hither to endeavour to gain say for your sake the passion I have for her, as you have stroven a long time for my sake to suppress the passion which shee hath occasioned in you.

Philoxypes surpris'd at the Kings discourse, felt two contrary agitations at the same time : he was grieved to finde his odd opinion, and joyed that he knew not the true cause of his love, as he thought he had done. And believing that he might easily disabuse him in a thing so false as the former was, he resolv'd to continue the concealment of his true passion.

The King then had no sooner said what I have told you, but *Philoxypes* stepping back a little, said, what Sir ! does your Majesty suspect me of so much boldness

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as to be your Rivall? Confess, said the King, for I know your misfortune hath been such, as not to be able to resist *Aretaphiles* charms. But *Phylloxipes*, I blame you not for it; twas I that first made try-all thereof; I know how inevitable they are; you have done more then I my self should have done: it may be had I your part to play, I should have betrayed my master, instead of resolving to die of grief and sorrow, as you have done for my sake. Thus *Phylloxipes*, I am not displeased with you for loving *Aretaphile*.

Sir, said *Phylloxipes*, to witness unto you that I am not in love with her, I promise you never to see her more, nor yet ever to come within *Paphos*, or at least never to speak to that Princess.

I very well know said the King, your Generosity rather leads you to resolve on death, rather then to be failing in your duty. But *Phylloxipes*, to the end you may not object unto me, That I have done nothing to vanquish my self, I am come to stay at *Clarica*, as well as you, that I may endeavor to cure my self of this passion, and to yeild up *Aretaphile* to you. You on your side shall do the like, and he
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that is first cured, shall surrender his part in her to the other.

But my dear *Philoxypes*, said he, you are yet more unhappy then you think for, for when I should cease to love *Aretaphile*, you would not have wonn her heart : you know how ambitious she is, that her soul is onely sensible of greatness : and when I should have yeilded up my mistress to you, unless I should also yeild my Crown unto you, you would not winne much upon her inclination.

But in fine said he (not affording *Philoxypes* leasure to answer him) if I yeild up *Aretaphile* to you, it will not be hard for me to yeild you up my Crown. And in a word, I will not be upbraided with your death.

I will do what I can to cure my self, to the end that you may cure your self; and if we can neither of us cure our selves, we will at least die together.

Sir, said *Philoxypes*, I vow by whatsoever I hold most sacred, and most holy, that I have not the least pretence to the Princess *Aretaphile*.

What then said the King, who did not believe him, is the cause of your retreat and

and Melancholly? I confesse Sir, *I* was a hundred, and a hundred times ready to break my word which I had past to *Philoxypes*; but seeing the trouble he was in, and that in fine he could not resolve to all the King the truth, I withheld whilst *Phylloxypes* answered, That what his Majestie did command, did not deserve his curiositie, and that he could not tell it him.

Being by this time late, we returned to *Claria*, where the King spoke still after the same manner to *Philoxypes*, as *Philoxypes* did also to him. Having found a moment of time to entertain *Philoxypes* alone, I would have perswaded him to have acquainted the King with the truth; but he could never resolve to do so, saying it would be sufficient to let him see he was not in love with *Aretaphile*, if he should never see her more.

This mean while, the more obstinacie, and grief the King found in *Philoxypes*, the more did he compassionate him, and the more he laboured to overcome his own passion.

And to this purpose he stayed eight daies at *Claria*, all which time *Philoxypes* was

readie to go mad, as well in consideration of the Kings opinion, and more for that he could not get to see *Polycryte*.

I do not think the King would so soon have left this retiredness, had he not been advertised that an Ambassador from *Amasis* King of *Egypt*, was come to *Paphos*, which forc't him to return. But *Philoxypes*, do he what he could, must needs go along with him: No said the King, I will not see *Aretaphile*, without seeing you at the same time. The Melancholy which I shall see in your eyes, must be to me an antidote against the Charms which I shall see in hers.

We went then to *Paphos*, but good gods how little delightfull was the Court then, and how much troubled did the Ambassador finde the King, who was three daies without seeing *Aretaphile*, and *Philoxypes* being in unimaginable pain for the above-said reasons, seemed to grow still more melancholy, whereat the King was still more and more afflicted.

Ambitious *Aretaphile* was this mean while not without her perplexity, as well by reason of the Kings journey to *Claria*, as that he came not to visite her; and for
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that ſhee heard he was returned wonderfully ſad.

But at laſt the King deſirous ſtill to confirm himſelf in his belief, brought *Philoxypes* with him to Princeſs *Aretaphile*, hoping to diſcover his paſſion better there, then in any other place.

Philoxypes, who thought there was no better means to undeceive the King, then in letting him ſee that he took no pleaſure in looking upon this Princeſs, was ſtill careful to look another way; but that which he did to diſſeign the King, did the more deceive him: for ſaid he to himſelf, unfortunate *Philoxypes* cannot indure the ſight of her whom he loves, and whom he will not love.

He accuſed himſelf then of too much inhumanity, in expoſing him to ſo great a puniſhment, and ſeeing how ſtrangely perplext he was, his viſit was not long.

This mean while, he having during this viſit eyed his pretended Rivall, as much as his miſtreſs, and having been much diſquiet, the Princeſs was not much ſatisfied with his converſation, and knew not whereunto to attribute the cauſe of the change which ſhe ſaw in him.

At

Philoxypes and Policrite. I I I

At his coming forth he said a thousand obliging things to *Philoxypes*, and *Philoxypes* made as many protestations to him of his being unconcerned in *Aretaphile*. But at last, that *I* may shorten my discourse as much as I may; *Philoxypes* being persecuted by the Kings conceit, anger'd at *Cleantes* discourse, much afflicted at what *Policryte* had said, and much more that he could see her no more, and that he durst not return to *Claria*, fell dangerously sick, all the Physicians gave up their opinions, that unless some cure were found for his Melancholy, he would infaliblie die. The feaver continued seven daies upon him very violently, during which time the King was greatly disconsolate; and during which time I had tane a little journey to *Amathuse*, about some business that I had there, for I think if *I* had been at *Paphos*, I should have had much adoe to have kept *Philoxypes* his secret from the King.

As oft as the King came into his chamber, and saw him in that pitifull condition, he resolv'd to think no longer on *Aretaphile*, but as soon as he came from him, or that *Philoxypes* grew any thing better, this resolution slackned a little.

Nor

Nor was he yet resolved what to do, but the feavor having at last left *Philoxypes*, and the Physicians continuing still to affirm that he would infallibly die, if the cause of his Melancholy whence his malady proceeded were not taken away: the King seemed to have put on a very strong resolution to pluck from out his soul the passion which posselt him.

He then resolved to visite *Aretaphile* no more, who not knowing what to think of this change in the King, thought it might be he was offended that shee had not all this while been to see *Philoxypes*, whom he so dearly loved, especially since almost all the Ladies of the Court had been to visit him. For during his sickness, the Princess of *Salamis*, and Princess *Agarista* had never left him, so as the Ladies might with decency enough go thither.

Yet so it happened, that the day that *Aretaphile* came thither, *Philoxypes* being much better then he was, they were gone forth, so as *Aretaphile* going accompanied with four or five of her women, found him all alone. Tis true shee was not there long without company, for the King came thither

thither presently after. *Philoxypes* blusht when he saw him come in, and seemed so amazed at this encounter, as if he had been really in love with *Aretaphile*; the King who observed this his change of countenance, being much concern'd to see that he should be the cause of *Philoxypes* danger: after a great strife within himself, drew near to Princess *Aretaphile*, who out of her respect would have given him her place, which he would not accept of: and after having looked upon her a while without speaking, he sigh't, and said, Madam, will you not cure *Philoxypes*?

Sir, said she, if his health depend on me, your Majesty should soon be eased of the grief his sickness causeth in you.

Philoxypes, who found a great alteration in the Kings countenance, was afraid least he might say somewhat which might have made *Aretaphile* know his opinion of him; wherefore not affording the King leisure to reply,

Sir, said he, though I believe Princess *Aretaphile* be able to do great things, and to charm great pains, yet I think I may say without offending her, that those evils
I which

which I lie under , depend not on hers wil; & that none but the Gods them selve can withdraw me from the grave. *Phylloxypes* pronounced these words in so sad a manner, as endeavouring to overcome whatsoever opposed his design of saving *Phylloxypes* : drawing yet a little nearer to the Princess *Aretaphile*, for fear least they that were in the chamber might over hear him.

Madam, said he , (making a sign to *Phylloxypes* that he would not be interrupted) I shall tell you a thing which will much surprise you. I conjure you notwithstanding to give it a favourable interpretation ; and to oblige me so far as to believe that upon better terms than the saving of *Phylloxypes* life, I would not tell it you, no not though mine own life were concerned therein.

Oh ! Sir, cried out this sick Prince , if your Majesty end what you have begun to say, you will hasten my death instead of retarding it.

Princess *Aretaphile* , amazed to hear what she heard, and not able to guess what the matter should be, looked sometimes upon the King, sometimes upon

Phylloxypes;

Philoxypes; but at last the king compleating his determination, tis you, Madam, said he, to the Princess *Aretaphile*, who send *Philoxypes* to his grave; your charms have been more powerfull then his reason, though his nobleness hath been yet greater then his love. He loves you divine *Aretaphile*, not daring to tell you so; Hee will not so much as acknowledg it, yet I know for certain, that unless you take compassion on him, he will infallibly die.

I therefore speak no more to you in my own behalf, said he, in a strange Melancholy manner, but deal less rigorously with him, then you have done with me, since he deserves it better: and if your Ambition be not to be satisfied without a Sovereign power, I promise you divine Princess, that if I cannot place *Philoxypes* upon the Throne, he shall alwaies be so near it, as his place shall hardly be discernable from mine.

In fine said he, if *Philoxypes* die, I shall die, and so I shall for ever lose you: but if you save *Philoxypes*, I may at least hope to languish on a while, and to share part of your esteem, not being able to pretend

any longer to any part of your affection. Nor think not said he, That this which I do, is any mark of weakness in my affection, since on the contrary it denotes the violence thereof.

For in fine, if I could resolve to abandon you, and to follow *Philoxypes* to the grave, I would not yeild up to him the part I pretend to have in your affection, though he be more worthy thereof then I; but not being able to see him die for my sake, without expiring with grief, I must live, that he may live, and consequently must endeavour for a while to prolong the satisfaction I take in seeing you.

Arctaphile was so astonisht to hear the King speak after this manner, and *Philoxypes* so afflicted, as astonishment and sorrow producing the same effect in these two personages, they staid a good while without speaking.

Aretaphile had opinion good enough of her beauty, to suffer her selfe easily to be perswaded that *Philoxypes* was in love with her, and she had likewise opinion good enough of his Generositie, to believe he durst not discover his passion.

But

But as nothing that was not King could touch her heart, she was strangely perplexed to hear what she heard, and sometimes she thought t'was peradventure but a pretext sought by the King to break with her.

Philoxypes on his side thinking that at the last he must be fain to tell the King the truth, that he might disabuse him, was so strangely confused, as he could not open his mouth: so as the King seeing them both so surprized, and finding that peradventure his love might quickly make him unsay all that his friendship had made him affirm, rose up, and without expecting what *Aretaphile* would answer. Madam, said he, the pittifull condition which you see *Philoxypes* is in, perswades you better then I can do, and he doubtlessly will pardon me, if I speak not so long to you for him as I have formerly done to you for my self: which said, he went his way, though *Philoxypes* desired him to tarry; assuring him that he would wholly disabuse him.

This mean while, though *Aretaphile* had a great minde to be gone too, yet being imbitterd in minde, and desirous to

know a little more precisely, what the business of this so strange adventure would prove, shee staid a little after the King, and looking upon *Philoxypes*, who appeared to her to be so struck mute, as if he had been in love with her: is it you *Philoxypes*, said shee, that have lost your reason, or is it the King? for I confess unto you I know not whether of the two it is, and that I cannot comprehend either of you.

I confess Madam, said *Phylloxipes*, that I am not master of my reason, but Madam, tis a maladie which you are no waies cause of, and whereof I accuse you not: had you any design then said shee, to make me lose the Kings good opinion? or is it that the King seeks some bad pretext to bereave me of it? But if it be so *Philoxypes*, there needs not so far a fetch about the bush. You need but give me reason of the least suspition, and I assure you I shall not long lament the loss of so divided a heart as his is. For til now the King did alwaies love his Crown better then Princess *Aretaphile*, and by his this daies discourse, he will make me believe that he loves you better then me.

Madam,

Madam, said *Philoxypes*, I beg it as a favour from you, not to blame the King upon so small reason; and not to blame in him the compassion he is pleased to have of an evill, which he believes you to be the cause of.

engage my self Madam, to free him from the error of his opinion; for though your charms be without compare, the respect which I have alwaies born to you, and that which I shall alwaies bear to the King, have assuredly warranted me from almost an inevitable danger, for those who have not had so powerfull reasons to withstand your beauty: therefore Madam, do not disquiet your self, and do me the honour as to promise me to pardon the Kings injustice, in desiring that I should share with you in a heart where you ought onely to reign.

But Madam, the King had given me the place which I now enjoy, before he loved you; you ought not therefore be troubled thereat.

No, no, replied ambitious *Aretephile*, you will not easily be able to justifie the King: he is Generous, I confess, but he is but a bad lover, and whosoever can yeild

up his interest in the party beloved, his love is certainly very indifferent.

This being said shee bid him farewell, and left *Philoxypes*, so much grieved, as his *maladie* encreased. Fearing then least he might die, and leave the King in the opinion he was in, he sent to desire him that he might speak with him; and this was just as I returned from *Amethusa*. I happened to be by the King when he received this message, who instantly went to *Philoxypes*, but with so much discontent, as I pitied him: he had repented himself more then once of what he had said to *Aretaphile*, and not knowing whether she might not have said somewhat of obliging to *Philoxypes* after he had left them together, he returned unto him much disquieted.

When we came thither, he enquired whether the Princess *Aretaphile* had tarried there long after him or not, and being told not, he entered into *Philoxypes* chamber, who was glad to see me with the King.

Sir, said he, I see it is time that I confess my weakness to you, and that I disabuse you.

The

The King, who could not reconcile these two things, answered him onely with a sigh, and being set down by his bed side, *Philoxypes* ask'd him pardon for the trouble he had put his Majesty to, and desired me to acquaint the King with what I knew of his adventure; desiring him not to be offended that I had not told his Majesty the truth, since unless I should have drawn down the anger of Heaven upon me for perjury, I could not have revealed his secret, after the Oaths that he had made me take to the contrary I then began to acquaint the King with all that I knew touching *Philoxypes* love: but all I could say to him, appear'd to bee so incredible, as it was a long time before he could beleieve it. At last he told *Philoxypes*, that unless he should let him see *Policrite*, he would not beleieve what hee had heard.

Philoxypes perceiving the Kings obstinacie, told him, that though he was very ill, he would be carried to *Claria*, in case he were any thing better the next morning, imagining he should sooner recover his health being near *Policrite*, then if he should stay at *Paphos*.

All

All this while the King did not believe what I had told him; sometime a man might see some sign of rejoycing in him: ha! my dear *Philoxypes*, would he say, is it possible that you were not my Rival, and that I was deceived: if it be so, I think I shall adore that *Policrite* you speak of, instead of blaming the love you bear her; since thereby I shall not be inforced to yeild up what I hold dearer then my life, and that my confident will not prove my rival.

But observe fir, the extraordinary effects of love. *Philoxypes* was very sick when he sent to desire the King to come unto him: but when once he had any thought of returning to *Claria*, hee grew better: hee slept all the next night quietly enough, and the next day was carried in a Litter to *Claria*, whither the King went to lie that night.

The next day *Philoxypes* left his bed, and the following day, notwithstanding all his weaknes, he got on horseback together with the King, waited on but by very few: and came to the foot of the mountains where they were to light. Being there, the King followed by none but *Philoxypes*

Philoxypes and my self, went towards *Cleanthes*'s Cottage, which as soon as we discovered, *Philoxypes*, who had need enough howsoever to rest, staid a while, and shewing it to the King, Sir, said hee, strangely confused, see the place which made me forgo *Paphos*: see the inch of all the earth, that likes me best, and where you go to see one, who peradventure will rather make you *Philoxypes* his Rival, then *Philoxypes* shall prove yours.

He spoke this with a smile, by which it visibly appeard, that the hope of reseeing *Policrite* had brought joy into his heart: yet did he fear displeasing her, and to anger *Cleanthes*, by bringing the King thither: but there being no remedy, he resolved to do it, neither did this fear juttle out his joy.

When the King had sufficiently considered the greatness of *Philoxypes* his affection, in respect of the meanness of *Policrites* Cottage; and that he had notwithstanding acknowledged that there was somewhat of wilde in that desert, which was not displeasing: we went on, and came at last to that little Palisadoe of of Lawrels, wherewith *Cleanthes* his Court

Court was inclosed. We entered there-into, and *Philoxypes* stepping before the king, went to the house, where he found the dore shut: he knock'd, but no body answered, which made him at first believe, that *Cleanthes* his whole family was gone to the Temple, where hee once saw *Policrite*.

Yet since there might be some body there who might not hear, he knock'd again, and knock'd so hard, that a young slave who served *Cleanthes*, came and opened the door, who very well knowing *Philoxypes*, told him, after that *Philoxypes* had ask'd him where his master was, that he could not tell him what he desired to know; and that all that he knew was, that *Cleanthes*, *Megisto*, *Polycrite*, and *Dorida*, were gone from thence, and were not to return thither any more: that they had carried along with them the women, which they had brought from their own Countrey; and that his Master had commanded him to wait his further directions there, not knowing wherefore he was gone, nor why he left him there.

Philoxypes, surpriz'd and afflicted at this Discourse, was a good while without speaking

speaking; The King thought at first that there was some trick in it, and that *Philoxypes* had made me say what I had said, only to abuse him; but at last this young Slave being stept into the House, and returning presently; Sir, said he to *Philoxypes*, when *Policrite* was ready to depart from hence, she drew me aside, unseen by any one, and gave me this which I give to you, ordaining me so to doe if you should come hither. *Philoxypes* taking immediately what the Slave presented him with, opened the Letter, whilst the King did me the honour to speak with me, and read these ensuing words:

Policrite to Philoxypes.

I Know not Sir, whither it is that *Policrite* is convey'd, but I very well know that *Philoxypes* is the cause of her exile: not being peradventure, likely ever to have the Honour to see him. I thought I might
without

without blame, let him know my minde by this Letter, which I refused to acquaint him withall, the last time which I spoke with him. He may then be pleased to know, that at first not esteeming my self worthy of his affection, by reason of my birth, I with-held mine from him as much as I was able; but that having learnt since, that I am not of the condition I appeared to be, and that there have been Kings of my Race: I confess I was gladdened that I could not reproach Philoxipes for having an inclination too disproportionable for his degree: and that I thought it became me to let him know what I am, to the end he may not think he doth any thing unworthy of himself, if he sometimes think upon Policrite, who wil always with much contentment think upon his
worth

worth, whether his fortune be to lead his life in a Cottage or in a Palace.

POLYCRITE.

PHILOXYPES, as soon as he had read this Letter, came to the King, and presenting it unto him; Sir, said he, your Majesty may read in this Letter my innocency, and my misfortune. The King began then to read aloud what *Policrite* had written; but good God in what pain was the unfortunate *Philoxypes* that he could not interrupt him; but as soon as he had read it out, looking upon him with a fixt and grieved eye; how say you now? Sir, said he, am I yet in love with Princess *Aretaphile*, or am I not the most unfortunate man in the world? the King, imbracing him, asked him pardon for his suspicions, and of the trouble he had given him; but my dear *Philoxypes* said he, I shall be sufficiently punished for it, as well in respect of your sorrow, which shall always be mine; as for *Aretaphile*, who will not easily forgive me, yet said he, you have

have wherein to rejoyce, since you learn two things at once of great importance, and of great consolation. For now you know that *Policrite* loves you, and that she is of Princely descent: Could you have asked more of the Gods, if you had been to have had your wishes granted you?

Ah! Sir, said *Philoxytes*, that which you alleadge to comfort me, is the greatest part of my misfortune: For tis true, I finde that *Policryte* does not hate me, and that shee is of birth equall with my self, but at the same time this lovely and cruel personage tells me, shee shall never see me more, and that shee knows not whether shee is carried.

Oh! Sir, I should be more to blame were I in love with Princess *Areaphile*, but I should be less miserable: I should have reasons to gainsay my passion; but here I see nothing which doth not fortifie and augment it.

In fine after *Phyloxypes* had sufficiently bemoaned himself, he left the King, and went to ask a hundred things of the young slave, without being able to learn any thing, either of *Policrites* birth, nor whither

whither *Cleanthes* & *Megisto* were gone; all he could learn was only that twas above a fortnight since they were gon: nothing elf could be gotten out of this young Slave, neither by prayers, promises, nor threats, whose fidelitie *Philoxypes*, for all his rage, could not chuse but approve of: but not being able to learn any more, he waited back upon the King to *Clarja*.

For my part *I* was never more at my wits end; for the king was so sad, as well for his own occasion, as for those of *PHILOXYPES*, as he could not resolve to say any thing, neither by way of bemoaning himself, nor yet of comforting *PHILOXYPES*, whom he so dearly loved.

PHILOXYFES on his part was more perplex'd: he was sorry to forgo that Cottage though his beloved was no longer there; he sometimes looked back upon it, sometimes he looked upon *Policrites* Letter, which the king had given him back.

He would sometimes lift up his eies to heaven, then again fix them on the earth, and walking sometimes without speaking, sometimes fetching deep sighs, he seem-

ed not to know whether the king were there or no, or whether he were alone, so deep was his melancholy. At last we came to *Claria*, but good Gods how sad was the conversation the rest of that day.

At last said the king to *Philoxypes*, you have this advantage, to know that *Policryte* is much obliged to you, that she hath nothing to reproach you withall, that you have not offended her, and that wherefore ever she is, if she think of you, tis onely to bewail your absence: where on the contrary, I have incen'st *Aretophile*, whose aspiring soul does doubtlesly accuse me of want of affection, and who will take it very ill, that I preferd your life before my love to her.

But Sir, said the afflicted *Philoxypes*, you know where the princess *Aratephile* is, you may make your reasons known to her, you may ask her pardon for that fault, which an excess of Generosity made you commit: you may sit and sigh by her, and may appease her anger. But for my part Sir, should I complain, should I sigh, should I pour forth torrents of tears amidst these Rocks, would all this restore

to

to me my *Policryte* ? should I thereby learn where shee lives ? It may be *Cleanthes* is put to sea, and it may be I shall never know, neither who *Policryte* is, nor where shee is.

Ah ! Sir, said this disconsolate Prince, if you knew the cruelty of my adventure, you would easily know that I am the most unfortunate man in the world : for if I loved one that did hate me, despite might cure me : if I loved one that were inconstant, the scorn I should have of her weakness, might console me : if I were jealous, a part of my melancholy would pass away in seeking how I might prejudice my Rivals : were *Policrytes* absence bounded, the hope of her return, how long so e're it were, would allay my discontent. Nay, were any person whom I should love, dead, I think my sufferings would not be so great as they are. For in fine, my malady is such, as doth stupefy reason, and makes the soul almost insensible.

In this manner did the king and PHILOXYPES entertain themselves. I endeavoured to comfort them both, but to tell you truth, my reasons were not list-

ned unto ; as for *Philoxypes*, he knew not what remedy to seek for ; for having learn'd by the slave who gave him *Policrite's* letter, that twas a good while since shee went away, he could not dream of following her, nor knew he where to seek after her.

All he could do, was to give order to his people to watch night and day about the Cottage, with directions to stay any who should come thither, that they might learn by them what this too faithfull Slave would not discover ; and to follow him whersoever he should go, believing probably that *Cleantes* had not left him alone in that house, without some secret reason, and without having a design to return ; or at least to send somebody thither on his behalf, or that the Slave himself should return to him.

As for the King it fared not thus with him: he knew that it was at *Aretephiles* feet that he was to seek for pardon: he would not, notwithstanding make his dear *Philoxypes* returne so soon to *Paphos*, but staid the next day at *Claria*.

But though there was no hope of finding *Policrite*, *Philoxypes* desired the King that

that he would be pleased to send to all the ports of the Island, to know whether *Cleantes* had tane shipping in any of them or no, it being easie to be known, by reason of the many women that were in his company, which would make him remarkable. The King promised him to do what he desired, but conjured him also not to refuse to go with him to *Paphos*, to assist him in getting *Aretaphiles* pardon. *Philoxypes* appeared visibly displeased to be forced to return to the Court, but being so much obliged to the King, and the king being upon ill tearms with his Mistress, onely out of his Love to him, he thought it became him to go, as he did. When we were come to *Paphos*, the King went that very night to Princess *Aretaphiles* lodgings, and found her onely accompanied with her women. She received him with all the civility that was due to his condition, but also with as much coolness as could be expected from an incensed party.

Seeing *Philoxypes* with the king, Sir, said shee, with a malicious smile, did not I tell you *Philoxypes* would recover without my meddling with him. Madam, said
K 3 he,

he, *Philoxypes* is much worse then I believed him to be ; but thanks to Heaven, I will not lay his death to your charge, since you are not the cause of his disquiet. May it please the Gods that you put not *Philoxypes* in a condition of reproaching you with my death !

No, no, Sir, said shee, your life is in no danger, as long as *Philoxypes* lives, your Majesty needs fear nothing. Alas Madam, cry'd the king, deal not so hardly with me ! Alas, Sir, said shee, go not about I beseech you to perswade me to things so directly opposite one to another, in so short a time ; it is not above four or five days since you did me the honour to tell me at *Philoxypes* his lodging, that you would no more sue to me for your self ; that my affection was a thing wherein you did no longer desire a part ; and if I remember well, you did also intreat me not to deal so rigourously with *Philoxypes*, as I had done with you. And it may be, said shee, (expressing an extremity of Malice) that yeelding much to your intreaties upon that occasion, I should have granted what you have demanded for *Philoxypes*, had my friendship been necessary

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fary to save his life; but since God be thanked, he needs it not, he may be pleased to content himselfe with my esteem; and your Majesty may likewise be satisfied with my respect, which is all I can, or ought to give you. For in fine to make me believe that you love me, after being able to permit that another should love me, and you your selfe wish me to love him, is a thing not easie to be understood, nor yet easily disjested: beleive me, Sir, said shee, to love ones rival, better then ones Mistresse, is a thing whereof there are not many examples, and which may allow me to let those know, who shall be acquainted with the business, that tis an excellent way to make a faithful servant, & a very bad invention to make a Princess love him, who treats her after that maner. Shal the compassion I had of *Philoxipes*, Madam, replyd the king, destroy me for ever in your good opinion? me, I say, who underwent an unexpressable torment, before I could resolve to pittie him? me, who did not yeild you up, save onely because I could not abandon you, and who found that *PHILOXYPE's*

death did hasten mine ? If you could have loved *Aretaphile*, answerd the princess, more then *Philoxytes*, you would have lamented his misfortune and yours; you would have endeavoured to have cured him by absence, or by a thousand otherwaies ; you would have bewaild his death when it should have happened, and would yet have been comforted, by the sole sight of *Aretaphile* : but because you love *PHILOXYTES* better then you love *Aretaphile*, you resolve without much difficulty to lose her. Yet Sir, you could yeild up to *PHILOXYTES* no more then that part which you held in her, which was not peradventure so great as you believe.

Ah ! inhumane princeesse said the king, make me not dispair, and know that when I made a surrender of you to *Philoxytes*, I was resolved to die. It may be Sir, said shee, If I had so much weaknesse as to lend a favourable ear to what you now say, that upon the first occasion that should present it self, ; and upon the first suspicion you should have that any one should bear me never so little good will, you would again conjure me to be
his

his cure. No, no, Sir, said shee, with a yet more serious face, you never loved me, nor do you know what it is to love: Love is somewhat above reason, or generosity, which hath reasons of its own: a man may give his own life for his friend, but as for the Mistress whom he loveth, it would be more just, and more usuall, to quit all his friends for her interest, then to yeild her up to any one friend. In fine said shee, you may perchance have thought you could have lived without me; for had you dream't you must have dyed, me thinks you might as well have dyed without yeilding up *Arctaphile* to *Philoxypes*, as after having surrendered her to him. But Sir, since you have rather chosen to specifie an extraordinary mark of Generosity, then to give the commonest prooffe of love, I have no more to say; neither have I more to do, but to preserve my heart as free as it hath allwaies been. The king seeing he could not appease this haughty spirit, call'd *Philoxypes* in into his aid; come said he, come make amends for the fault which you have innocently committed; and if you will preserve my life,

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as I would have done yours, be a mean of replacing me in the condition wherein I was before I had compassion of you. Madam, said *Philoxypes*, addressing his speech to the Princess, if you judge of the Kings love to you, by his Friendship to me, what may you not expect from thence; since to save my life, he could for some few moments onely renounce the possession of so inestimable a jewel. And will you not then believe, That upon the least occasion which should present it self, he would for your service sacrifice, not onely *Philoxypes*, but even all his subjects, nay, even his own life? No Sir, said she, you are not so much bound to the King, as you imagine, and instead of your desiring me to judge of his love to me, by the friendship he bears to you, I shall advise you to judge of his friendship to you, onely by his love to me; and to believe, that since he was able to yeild me up, he never had so resolute a passion for *Are-taphile*, as to deserve that *Philoxypes* should be much beholden to him, for what hee hath done for him, since he would have done the like for any other. But cruell princeps, said the King, what will you have

have me to do? me thinks said she, I should demand no unjust thing of you, if I should humbly intreat you to think no longer on *Aretaphile*, and quietly to enjoy the life of *Philoxypes*, which hath cost you so little.

Ah, said he, if I should have purchased the life of *Philoxypes*, at the losse of your affection, I should have bought it more deare, then if I should have given my Crown for it. Confess the truth, said this malicious Princess, if *Philoxypes* had been as sick of Ambition, as you did think him love sick, he would not for certain be yet cured, and you would not so soon have forgon your Scepter, as you did *Aretaphile*. *Phylloxypes*, who easilie conceived the hidden sense of these words, whereunto the King replied not, so was he overborn with grief, said, Madam, if the King shall confess unto you that he hath done amiss, and shall ask your pardon for it, will you be more inexorable, then are the Gods, and will you shew no mercy? when the King said shee, shall have done to cure me of any malady of minde, if any such shall befall me, so extraordinary a thing, as that
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which he hath done for you, *I* shall then see of what minde *I* shall be. In fine, Sir, All that the King and *Philoxypes* could do or say, did no waies avail with this imperious Princefs.

When they were come from her, and were returned to the Palace; *Philoxypes* who was well acquainted with *Aretaphiles* humour, told the King, he knew a way how to work his reconcilement with her: Alas, said the King, there are few things *I* would not do to purchase that content: speak therefore, my dear *Phylaxypes*: must *I* be long in pain? must *I* sigh abundantly, and pour forth abundance of tears? and must *I* be everlastingly prostrate at her feet? No Sir, said he, you shall onely put the Crown upon her head. But replied the King, *I* would gladly not have owed *Aretaphiles* love to her Ambition; on the contrarie, *I* would have had the Crown of *Cyprus* to have been a reward of her affection to me.

Five or six daies being thus past over, and *Philoxypes*, not being able to tarry any longer at the Court, he desired leave of the King to return to *CLARIA*. Those who the King had sent to the Port towns which

which were neereſt to *Paphos*, returned at the ſame time, but brought no news of *Policrite*; ſo as the unfortunate *Philoxypes* returned to his ſolitarineſs in great deſpair.

He had yet engaged the King not to diſcover the cauſe of his melancholy; nor were there any that knew it, but he, the Princeſs *Aretaphile*, and my ſelf; nor did the Princeſſe know any more, then that *Philoxypes* was ſaln in love with one that he knew not.

It would be very hard to relate unto you what life he led; when it was fair weather, he went to viſit *Policrite's* Cottage, and all the places where he had ſeen her, or ſpoken with her; he went to aſk more queſtions of the ſlave who was there, and whom they had ever had an eye unto, not finding any one that ſpoke with him, nor that he ſpoke with any one. But all the addreſſes this Prince could make, could not prevail againſt the fidelity of this ſlave, who deſerved a better condition.

When *Philoxypes* could not walk abroad, he walked in his Gallery, gazing on the picture of his dear *Policrite*. When
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he call'd to mind how contented a life he led before he fell in love, he almost wish'd he had never seen *Policrite*; but when he remembred her charming beauty, her bewitching mind, and the happy howres which he had enjoin'd in her company, though shee had alwaies concealed the esteem she had for him; he preferr'd all the sorrows he had suffered since he was in love, before all his former pleasures.

Oh! would he sometimes say to himself, when he should read *Policrite's* letter; how sweet, how pleasing, and how cruel things have I learnt in one day? *Policrite* is of illustrious birth, *Policrite* will alwaies remember me, and *Policrite* will never more see me. Alas, if it be so, said he, why have I not recourse to death, and what shall I do with so unfortunate a life? Then suddenly remembering that *Policrite* was alive, and that she did not hate him, he conceived a beam of hope, that peradventure shee might make enquire after him, and knowing how miserable a life he led, she might at last resolve to let him know in what part she lived.

This thought afforded him only so much

much hope as to keep him from dying; not so much as to comfort him in his misfortunes. Living then in this manner all the rest of the Winter, he went sometimes to see the King, when the King could not come to him; and despairing of all remedie, he only expected death, or news of *Policrite*: the one or the other, whereof were the object of all his thoughts, & the bounds of all his desires. The Spring it self, which seems to inspire joy into whole nature, wrought no alteration in him. He beheld the roses in his Gardens blush, with the same melancholie as hee had seen his knots white with Snow in Winter. Those who watched over *Cleantes* his slave, brought him word one morning, that he was suddenly dead. This angerfome news did redouble his grief, in as much as for that he seemed concerned in any thing which belonged to *Policrite*; and that this slave appeared to him worthy of such good fortune, as that in losing him, hee lost almost all hopes of ever discovering where *Policrite* was. He forbare not notwithstanding, to have watch kept for a while, to see whether any bodie should

should come to that rural Cottage, or no: but at last, wearie of wearying out his people, he dispenced with their further trouble therein; and abandoned his fortune absolutely to the guidance of the gods.

As he was one daie in this sad mood, *Solon* came to *Claria*: hee was at first much joied to hear a name he so dearlie loved; but considering what an alteration there was in him, since he had seen him, and how confounded he should bee to acknowledge his weakness to him, though he knew that lawful love was not a passion to which *Solon* had declared himself an enemy, this joy suffered a little allay. He went notwithstanding with much eagerness to meet him; but sadness having so deeply seised upon his heart and eyes, the satisfaction which he received to see the famous *Solon*, was so inward, as there hardly appeared any sign thereof in his countenance. *Solon* no sooner saw him, but he observed his melancholy; and *Philoxypes* on his part, looking on *Solon*, in stead of the peacefull physiognomy, and that chearful and pleasing aspect which he had wont to have

have in his eyes, he seemed to see a great deal of sorrow.

The first complements being over, and *Philoxypes* having brought *Solon* to his chamber; Sir, said he, the sight of you would surely much rejoyce me, did I not see some signs of sorrow in you, of which I must needs request to know the cause. Noble Prince, reply'd *Solon*, I should have prevented you, and have desired to know the cause of your melancholy, before having afforded you leasure to inform your self of mine. But I confesse unto you, the Law-giver of *Athens*, is not at present in a condition of prescribing Laws unto himself; and that the sorrow I feel, is stronger then my reason. *Philoxypes*, embracing him then straitly, conjured him to tell him the reason thereof, and desired him to believe he would do all that laie in his power to comfort him.

But Sir, said he, I thought that Philosophie had been a salve to you against all the misfortunes of life; and that sorrow was a thing unknown to *Solon*, to whom whole *Greece* gives the name of wise.

Philosophie said this famous Atheniⁿ, is a vain-glorious art, which boasts of go-
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verning in places, wherein she hath no great power; she may doubtlesly said he, teach men to bee vertuous, make them know whole nature, teach them how to discourse, and give them Laws and Precepts for the government of Kingdoms, and Common-wealths; Nay, she may oft times make us overcome our passions; but when an equitable feeling, which nature gives us, is to be overcome, believe me *Philoxypes*, the same Philosophy which hath sometimes made us lose Crownes without change of countenance, or which hath made us not stick to refuse them, is weak in lesse eminent occasions. And in my particular, I may say I have beene thrice in my life time abandoned by her; though peradventure I have been assisted by her upon an hundred difficult occasions. But yet said *Philoxypes*, shall I not know vvhat 'tis that afflicts you? It very well behoves that I tell it you, said *Solon*, since 'tis from you alone that I can expect any help. I will not repeat unto you, said he, the so many particulars of my fortune which formerly I have acquainted you withal, for I believe you have not forgot them; but that you may

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perfectly know the cause of my grief; I must howsoever take the rise of my discourse afar off; and tell you some circumstances of my life, which you have not yet known. You know I never believed that marriage was incompetent with Philosophy and true Wisdom, as *Thales* that famous Milesian did imagine; you know likewise that I married a personage of great worth and understanding, by whom I had children, who died soon after they were born; one onely son excepted, whom I have bred up carefully, intending to make him worthie of that noble blood whence he is descended. He was about 14 or 15 years old, when I was at *Milet*, about some affairs of mine; where I visited wise *Thales*, who was one of my very good friends. He civilly reproacht me with my weakness, and said I did sufficiently witness my indulgencie to love, by a little image of *Cupid*, which I one day consecrated to that Deitie, and placed in the park belonging to the Academie, there where they who run with the sacred Torch, are wont to assemble themselves. Passing from one thing to another, we spake of the happiness, and

of the misfortunes of marriage, and thus our discourse varying, as it oft fals out from our first subject, wee spoke of news and other such like matters.

Presently after, *Thales* feigning to have some order to give to one of his folk about his own affairs, rose to speak to him in his ear, and came and took his place again. Not long after, I might see a stranger come, whom I knew not, vvho told him he was come from *Athens*, not above ten daies ago. Prest by the natural desire of curiositie, to know whether there was nothing of new befalln in my Countrey, since my departure thence, I askt him whether he knew any thing of considerable there or no? No, said he, save onely that the day I came away on, I saw the Funeral observed of a young youth of the best rank, vvhereat all the people of note in the Town, vvere present, and vvere very sensible of the sorrow this childs death vvould cause in his Father, vvho vvvas not then at *Athens*. I confesse when I heard him speak thus, my colour changed, fearing my son might be concerned: vvwhich made mee ask him whether he knew not the name of

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that unfortunate Father? I have forgot it, said he, but I know hee is a man of great integritie, and who is much esteemed of in that place.

I confesse, Sir, that since Philosophy teacheth sinceritie, as well as modestie, I thought I might be the man spoken of; was willing to know the truth, without offence to good manners; his name, doubtlesly, said I, was not *Solon*: pardon me, said he, his name came just to my memory, as you pronounced it. To what end serves it to deny it? I could not heare so sad news vvithout sorrow, and that so great as *Thales* pitied me, and jesting at my weakness, asked me whether it were advantageous for a wise man to marry, or no? Putting himself thereby in a condition to have studied Philosophie for others, not being able to make use thereof himself. After this, he told mee there was not one word true of all that this man had said; that he had not so much as been at *Athens* of a long time; and that he had said all this by his directions, which he had caused to be given him, when he rose from me to speak in the ear with one of his servants.

At my return to *Athens*, I found my son alive indeed, but I found the whole Town in confusion, by reason of some disorder that had happened between those that were descended from *Megacles*, and those that were come of them that had been of the Citonien conspiracie. The Megarians surpris'd the port of *Nisæa*, and re took the Isle of *Salamina*, w^h had caus'd me so much trouble. And to add to the misfortune, all the people were seised on with a superstitious snare, vvhich perswaded them that spirits returned; that fantosmes and apparitions appeared; and this imagination prevailed so much with most of them, as there was an universal humiliation.

Those who had the charge of the sacred things, said, that they found infallible signes by the Victims, that the town needed purification, and that the gods were incens'd by reason of some secret offence committed,

To this effect, by the advice of the wisest sort, they sent an Expresse to *Creta*, to *Epimenides* the Phæstien, who was and doubtleslie is still, an incomparable man, a man whose life is altogether pure,
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innocent, and holy: who eats no more then what is sufficient to maintain life, and whose soul leans as little to the senses, as in this life it can: who is very learned in the knowledge of heavenly things; and who passes in his Countrey, not onely for one who hath sometimes Divine Revelations, but is by the people of *Crete* believed to be the sonne of a Nymph, called, *Balta*. However it be sir, he is a man of extraordinary knowledge, and virtue.

Epimnides, not refusing the intreaties that were made unto him, came to *Athens*, and of so many famous men as were in that noted Citie, did me the favour to chuse me for his most intimate friend, having through his wisdom, and through the peoples belief in him, dissipated all their false imaginations, and that by prayers, Sacrifices, and Ceremonies, he had rid them of all their fears, he would yet stay a while at *Athens* for my sake; where certainly he told Prodigious predictions to a hundred severall people. As we were speaking one day of humane weaknesses, and how little a man ought to rely upon his own strength, nor yet upon Phi-

lofophie; I acquainted him with what had befallen me with *Thales* the *Milesian*, and how much afhamed I was, not to be mafter of my firft opinions. *Solon* (faid he to me) is eafie to be overcome on that fide, and as oft as fortune will make ufe of the affections of nature againft him, ſhe will certainly overcome him: For he hath a foul as tender upon ſuch encounters, as ſtrong againft ambition: But *Solon*, faid he, you are to be bewailed if you do not reſolve to believe me; and believe that what you underwent whileſt you were with your friend *Thales*, is little in compariſon of what you ſhall one day ſuffer in the perſon of a Daughter, of whom your wife is at this preſent with Child.

I have, ſaid he, obſerved your birth, and your life, and I finde that this childe, which will be ſoon born, will be a prodigie for beauty and virtue; and will alſo be one of the happieſt women in the world, if you will believe my counſel: but a'ſo if you will not believe, and follow it, ſhee will be moſt unfortunate. In fine, ſaid he, If you do not what I ſhall ſay unto you, you ſhall have the diſcontent

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tent to see that your Daughters beauty will make your Countrie desolate ; and that after having refused the sovereign power (as you will one day refuse it) she will make one of your Citizens fall in Love with her, who will become the Tyrant of the Common wealth, which will make her resolve to die, rather then to marry him.

I confesse I was much troubled to hear *Epimenides* speak after this manner ; for I had heard him foretel divers things, which I had seen punctually fall out according to his predictions. I then desired him to tell me what he would have me do, to preserve a man who did sacrifice his whole life to the glory of *Athens*, from having a daughter who should cause love in him that would be the Tyrant thereof. He told me then, That since it was not yet known in *Athens* that my wife was with Childe, I should conceal her great belly ; send her into the countrey, & when shee should be brought to bed, that I should cause this daughter to be secretly brought up, not suffering her to know whose childe shee was, nor yet any other body whosoever, except those who were

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to have the care of her education, that if it should so fall out, as I should be forced to forsake my Countrey, I must during my exile, leave her in some Island upon the *Egean* Sea; and that things being thus carried, she should be infallibly happie, and I should not need to fear that shee should be beloved by the Tyrant of *A-shens*. In fine, Sir, to shorten my discourse, I obeyed *Epimenides* his advise; I sent my wife into the Countrey, where when her time was come, shee was brought to bed of a Daughter: wondering at the accomplishment of the beginning of this prediction, I continued to follow *Epimenides* his directions, who at his departure (after having refused all the presents that were made him, and taking for his reward, onely a branch of the Sacred Olive) told me that my daughter would one day cause as much joy in me by her virtue, and good fortune, as shee would cause sorrow in me by reason of her loss. These obscure words continued fix'd in my memory, so as I put my daughter into the hands of a Sister of mine whom I loved very well, who was married in *Corinth*, and was come to see me: trusting onely

onely her, and her husband, with the secret which *Epeminedes* had acquainted me withall.

I will not stay to tell you, that soon after I lost my wife, for which I was very much grieved; neither will I entertain you with the disorders of *Athens*, which are too well known to all men; nor yet with the relation how I was solicited to accept of the sovereign power, being put in mind that there had been Kings of my Race, and that one that was descended from the illustrious *Chodrus*, need make no scruple to accept the Scepter: nor vvith vvhat stedfastness I rejected those vvho made so unjust a proposition to me, following *Epeminedes* his predictions. Neither vvill I tell you vvhat Lavvs I there established, you knowv them, and knqv vvho vvhere observed; nor yet the resolution vvwhich I took to quit my Countrey, for the space of ten years; to the end that I might make no further alterations, and leave the people leasure to accustom themselves to their new Lawes.

But I will tell you, that being readie
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to take my voluntarie banishment from Greece, and not forgetting what *Epeminedes* had told me, I came to *Corinth*, unknown : and having told my sister that I was obliged to leave my Daughter in an Island during the time of my exile : This vertuous personage, who loved her no less then a Daughter, which she had of her own, had married a Gentleman of extraordinary worth, and who had long lived a retired live, so as as shee easilie prevailed with him, not to abandon my Daughter, who really appeard to me, to be the sweetest childe I ever saw. I consulted the Gods touching my design, who confirmed me therein. Thus I took this little Familie along with me in my ship ; and being desirous that the place of exile for these whom I so dearly loved, might be a pleasant place, I chose this Isle to leave them in.

Whilest *Solon* discovered thus at large, *Philoxypes*, who longed to interrupt him, could no longer forbear : did you, Sir, said he, leave a Daughter in this Island ? Yes, said *Solon*, with a sigh, and I saw her here about four years ago, when I would be seen by none but by you : and Sir, if

I may be allowed to say so, I saw her such a one as *Epeminedes* had desiphered her, to wit. handsom, ful of wit & vertue.

When I first left those, to whose guidance I committed her, I willed them to saie they were of the *Island of Crete*: At this word, *Philoxypes* changed colour, remembering that it was of thence that *Cleantes* said himself to be. But Sir, said he, how vvas this daughter called, that the Gods gave you? *Polycrite* replied, *Solon Policrite*, said *Philoxypes*, is *Policrite*, Sir, then your daughter? *Solon* surprised at *Philoxypes* question, changed colour also, and feared lest this Prince might have known somewhat of *Policrite*, which might displease him more then the uncertainty he was in of her life or place of abode.

How Sir, said he, came you to know my daughter, whom to saie truth, I left near enough to you, but whom I had also left in a place, vvhether I thought not you should have met with her; and that when you should have met with her, you should not have known her to be vvhether she is? It vvas the Gods, replied *Philoxypes*, who brought me to the knowledg
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of her ; and 'tis the Gods likewise , said he, vvho have taken her from her Cottage , doubtlesly to punish me for not precisely knowing the daughter of that famous *Solon*. At last , hee desired this Law-giver to go into his Gallery , which vvvas painted since his last being at *Claria*; and shewing him the several pictures of *Policrite*, under the figure of *Venus Urania*; behold, Sir, said he, the Goddesse vvwhich made me know *Policrite*. *Solon* surprised with the sight, looked on *Philoxypes* & not comprehending how he could come by those pictures, without *Policrites* consent; Sir, said he , *Epimenides* assured me that *Policrite*, should be vertuous ; but these pictures make me believe, that being bred up amongst the Rocks , she may have become too indulgent. Ah , Sir, said *Philoxypes* ! how farre is *Policrite* from what you speak of ? but shall I dare to acquaint you with my boldness? and shall I dare to enquire of you, before I acquaint you vvith my misfortune , and yours, wherefore you left her in that place? *Solon*, who knew *Cleanthes* and *Megisto's* integrity, who knew likewise how vertuous *Policrite* was, condemned his first suspicion

spitions, and hasted to tell him how when he first arrived in our Island, hee made *Cleanthes* and his Family come on shore as passengers which he knew not, that afterwards he placed them near the sea, side, but that being afterwards at *Claria*, and whil'st he assisted him in the building of that town to which he would give his name, being walk'd abroad all alone, he had observed that little desert place, where he placed *Policrite*, having given *Cleanthes* wherewithall to build that little Cottage, and wherewithall to subsist commodiousslie during the time of his exile. That passing from *Africa*, into *Asia*, to go to *Cressus* his Court, he would first come once again to *Cyprus*, that he might see his dear *Policrite*. That he had been a whole month in that Cottage, *Policrite* not having all that while either known his name, nor that he was her Father; and that afterwards he came to visit him at *Claria*; that he confest he had in that journey discovered strange lights in the young maids understanding, which obliged him to be very sensible of her loss: For said he, *I can finde no bodie now in that Cottage, and cannot learn, neither why*

why those that did inhabit there have left it, nor how long it is since they went from thence, nor vvhat vvay they are gone.

But you Sir, said he, be pleased I beseech you to let me hear all whatsoever you know of my daughter, and conceal nothing from me; for I confesse I stand upon thornes. *Philoxypes* having observed that *Solon* was really very impatient to know how he came to know *Policrite*, and how he had got so many Pictures of hers, told him the vvhole truth; he made him call to mind his former inflexibility, and how he had told him long since that a man might once in his life be overcome by love vvithout any shame. Then he told him vvhat glorions and gallant company he had had at his house; how miraculously this *Venus* vvvas esteemed by them all: the contestation vvwhich he had vvith them thereupon; how afterwards he met vvith *Policrite*, at the head of the River *Clariss*; how surprized he vvvas to see that the Pourtrait of his *Venus*, should be the picture of this unknowvn maid; how much he vvvas troubled that he could not finde her again; how happily
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he met *Cleanthes* as he vvas going vvith his Family to the Temple: hovv he savv her the third time vvhen he found her in the Temple; hovv at last he discovered her Cottage, and his sundry thoughts thereupon: he acquainted him vvith the first visit he made to *Policrite*, vvhen he found her making Garlands of Flowers; vvhat speech he had vvith *Cleanthes*, and *Megisto*; and in fine, hovv violently he vvas taken vvith her. He told him also, hovv he had endeavoured to suppress his passion, by reason of the supposed meanness of her birth: vvhat an alteration this passion had vvrought in his minde: hovv the Court vvas startled at his Melancholy; the Kings odd conceipt thereupon, his discourse vvith the King, and with the Princess *Aretaphile*: hovv angry this Princess vvas, and hovv much he himself was perplext: hovv it came to pass that *Mandroclus* had dravvn *Policrite's* Pictures; and in fine, he told him all that had befallen him: and vvhen he had ended his recitall, not affording *Solon* leisure to speak, thus you see, Sir, said he, I am no longer that Inflexible *Philoxypes* vvwhich you formerly knevv

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me to be, but I may safely protest unto you, that I loved *Policrite* in a Cottage, with the same respect as if shee had been seated on a Throne: and I may also assure you, that my passion for her was as pure, as if I had known shee had been your daughter.

Do not blame me then, I conjure you, since I have onely adored *Solons* virtue and worth in *Policrite's* person; for tis her virtuous minde which I am more enamor'd of, then of her personal beauty; yet do I deserve to be punish'd, for doubtlesly my frequent visits have caused *Cleanthes* to change his abode. Hee knew not *Philoxypes*, and Imagined he might have abused him in *Policrite*: But to prove, said he, that I lived respectfully with her, and that I never received a favourable word from her, see (said he, Sir, shewing him the letter which hee had received) the innocent and cruell sign of acknowledgement, that this Divine Personage hath given me, since that at the same time when shee saies she will remember me, shee saies also she shall never see me more: yet Sir, said he, if my passion do displease you, you shall see how

how ready I will be to die, as soon as you shall have given me the least occasion so to do; since that is the only way whereby I can pluck her from out my heart: but on the contrary, if you do truly love me, you will rather bewail me, then accuse me; you will promise me not to oppose me, if the Gods restore *Policrite* to you: and you will suffer her to be Mistress of that stately town which was built by your directions.

I wish, Sir, I were able to offer her sundry Scepters; but I think not that he who refuseth them, will stick much to bestow his daughter on a Prince, who thinks himself happie in being but near a Throne, and to assist his King to sustain the weight of his Scepter.

When *Philoxypes* had made an end of speaking, and *Solen* had read *Policrite's* letter; my Daughter said he, is yet wiser then I thought her to have been: and since she hath been able to resist the charms of *Philoxype's* greatness and worth I finde *Epimenides* had reason to speak of her, as of a miracle.

Be you then assured, said he, Sir, That if the Gods restore my Daughter to me,

I shall bring no other obstacle to your designs, then my humble desire that you will seriously consider whether shee be worthy or no of the honour you would do her : for if you continue in your resolution, and that I shall know that shee doth indeed deserve a part of the favours which you vouchsafe her, I shall be ready to command her to look on you , as on him whom the gods have chosen to make her happy and glorious.

I do not tell you *Philoxypes*, that the famous *Excestides*, my Father, who left me poor onely out of his own Magnificencie, was descended from the illustrious blood of King *Chodrus* ; for these are not things which I think men ought much to boast of : But I will assure you , that all those of my House, since they have left the Crown, have been as good Citizens, as their Forefathers were good Kings; and that for my particular, I had alwaies rather oppose my self to Tyrannie, then be a Tyrant.

In fine, said he, as it is not to your greatness that I give *Policrite*, I pretend also, that *Policrite's* virtue, shall supplie the place of a Crown.

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But alas, said *Philoxypes* ! how will you give me this Divine *Policrite*, if we know not where shee is ? She must be begg'd of the Gods, replied *Solon*, since tis from them alone that we are to expect all the good that can befall us.

In fine ; sir, *Philoxypes* conceived an unexpressable joy, to finde *Solon* so favourably disposed towards him. But also his grief was no less extream, to think that *Solons* good intentions would prove of no use, if *Policrite* were not found. Yet was he somewhat comforted with the sight of so famous a man, and the conversation of one so perfectly wise, made his sorrow appear at least more moderate, though really it was alwaies very great. Nay, I remember he told me that notwithstanding all his sadness, he forgot not you, sir, but entertained *Solon* with the discourse of you, as of a very extraordinarie Personage.

This mean while the King, having heard of *Solons* arrivall, and how that *Policrite* was his daughter, was exceeding glad, and would have him and *Philoxypes* to come to Court ; so as this Prince his love was no longer so great a secret.

Imagining that *Cleantes* was not gone out of the Island, command was sent again to all the Towns and Vilages, to give an account of what strangers lived in them, but do what they could, they could learn no acceptable news.

This mean while the Court grew very melancholy; for Princess *Arethophile*, not able to put on a resolution of pardoning the King, the King by an odd phansie of Love, resolved also to winne this Princess her heart, before he would assure her to make her his Queen.

Philoxypes on his part was mad to think he could not finde out *Policrite*, and that he had been the cause why *Solon* had lost her: and *Solon* was also very sad that hee could hear no newes of his daughter; especially at a time when he vvas of necessity to return to *Athens*, where he had learned that there was great disorders, and that all things tended towards Sedition.

He knew that there vvere three severall Factions there: that one *Licurgus* vvas chief of those that inhabited the plains; that *Megacles*, sonne to *Alcmeon*, commanded over those of the sea coast, and

and that *Pisistrates*, whom certainly you knew when you went to *Athens*, was chief of the mountaineers. So as though all that numerous people had punctually observed his Laws, since his departure, yet the face of affairs was likely soon to alter.

Solon being then necessitated to be gone within a few daies, told *Philoxypes*, That the interest of a mans country, was to be preferd before all things else: and that he who chose rather to conceal his daughter, then to expose her to the love of a Tyrant, would not abandon his Countrey, to expect in vain to hear of one whom certainly the Gods would preserve if she wereworthy of their care; so as he had no more to do, then give him full leave to marry her if he should finde her; *Philoxypes* being at that same time both much afflicted, and much joyed; thankd *Solon* for the honour he did him; but the winde not serving for his departure, and his ship not being ready, he must have patience for a while. During this interval of time, *Solon* understood that there was a famous Temple about some forty miles from *Paphos*, dedicated as

were almost all the rest in the Island, to *Venus Urania*, where 'twas said this Goddess delighted more to be honour'd, then in any other Temple: because the custom there was, that all the Ceremonies were performed by maids of good descent, who dedicated themselves to the service of that Goddess, and who were to serve her three years in her Temple before they were to marry.

Solon who believed he could not employ the time better, which much against his will, he was to stay in *Cyprus*, then in praying to the Gods, moved *Philoxypes* to go thither, who easily gave way thereunto: so as getting on horseback the next morning and attended but by a few servants, they came to this Temple, which is very delightfully seated.

I know Sir, I should not stay to acquaint you with all the Ceremonies of the sacrifice, which upon this occasion was offered for *Solon*, and *Philoxypes*; yet it being famous amongst us for what ensued thereupon, I will crave leave to do it; as also because peradventure, you have not seen the like: For tis a sacrifice which doth not cost the victims lives, but
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on the contrary, makes them recover their liberty.

This Temple is fairly enough built; the Altar is stately, at the foot whereof, and just in the mid'st, is placed a great candlestick of Gold with twelve branches, whereon Chrystal Lamps hung which was all lighted instantly after. Fifty maids, clothed in silver Tiffany, mingled with blew to depote the original of that heavenly *Venus* whom they served, having each of them a Coronet of flowers on their head, and sprigs of Myrrh in their hands, rank'd themselves on the two sides of the Temple, she onely excepted who was to perform the Ceremony, who staid in the middle.

At the foot of this golden Candlestick, there was a great Chest or Coffe of the same metal, wherein there was fire which they termed sacred, because it is onely lighted by the agitation of certain stones consecrated to the Goddess: she who offered the sacrifice in the name of *Solon*, and *Philoxypes*, put Amber, Frankinsence, Benjamin, and divers other perfumes, into this Pile of wood: This being done, and having made a little Pile of the dry boughs

boughs of Myrh upon the Altar, she took a Torch made of perfumed wax, where-with she set it on fire, and with the same Torch she lighted fifty others which were placed in sundry parts of the Temple : after this, one of these maids brought two Turtles tied together with threads of gold and blew silk ; and before her who carried the Birds, went four other maids singing a Hymn after the *Ly-dian* manner : after these came four others, bringing with them two Swans tyed together with a string of blew and gold, and followed by four more who sung as did the former.

These maids who carryed the Victims, kneeled down before the Altar, which being done, she who did the Ceremony, (to the end that she might not irritate *Venus Anadiomena*, who had been formerly worshipped in that Temple, by the honour that was done to *Venus Urania*) took Roses and Cockles, which she strowd upon the Altar, and taking a great shel of the Mother of pearl full of sea water, taken up towards the east, she sprinkled the Victims therewith.

The holy knife, adorned with
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Oriental Agget, was likewise prepared, as it were to sacrifice them; but the maids who sung continually forbad them in the behalf of *Venus Urania*, so as shee who carried the Turtles, and the other who carried the Swans, drawing near her who performed the Ceremonie, she untied them, and opening one of the windows of the Temple, at the same time when they threw new perfumes into the pile of wood, they were lost in that cloud of perfume which arose, and flying towards heaven, seemed as if they went to carry up the vows of *Solon* and *Philoxypes*, to the Goddesses to whom they were offered up.

After this, all the maids which were in the Temple, began a Canticle of joy, and one of them taking a little Fagot of Myrh, which was bound about with threads of Gold, swept together the ashes of the little pile, to see whether all were quite consumed or no; for this is one of the tokens that the Sacrifice hath been well received.

In pursuit after this, they went to visit the sacred garden, wherein the Turtles
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and Swans, destined to the service of the Goddesses, are bred up, to see whether those that were offerd up unto her, were returned thither or no: for when this falls not out, tis an infallible observation that the sacrifice hath not been well accepted of, and that the Goddess thinks not those birds pure enough to be presented unto her another time. But as for *Solon* his Sacrifice, it had all the marks of a happy Sacrifice; the Pile was totally consumed, the perfumes mounted streight upright toward the Temples Roof, the birds flew East-ward, and were found in the sacred Garden. In fine, these maids assured *Philoxypes* and *Solon*, that their vows were well accepted of by the Goddesses; and that they had not of a long time offerd any Sacrifice, which had been so well accepted of.

Having then returned acknowledgements to the Divine *Urania*, these two returned to *Paphos*: *Solon* did so pleasantly entertain *Philoxypes*, and said such fine things to him, as not taking heed, he mist the way by which they came. Those who followed them, thought that *Philoxypes*, who very well knew that way, intended

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to go somwhither that they knew not of, so as they let him go on. Continuing to ride on thus by this by-way, they strayed not onely from the way they were to go, but came at last to a place where there was no beaten track at all : finding themselves at the Sea side, amongst wilde, and almost inaccessible Rocks, the sight hereof recall'd into *Philoxypes* memory the desert wherein he had found *Policrites* abode.

But at the same time he found that he had lost his way ; and that he knew not where he was : yet it appearing delightful enough unto him, though sandy enough, he said to *Solon*, that continuing to go along the sea side, they should meet with some path which would lead them back into the right way ; wherefore they did not return back, but continued on their way ; and *Philoxypes* rode formost, that he might be a guide to those that he had led out of the way.

Being advanced a good way, he might see five or six fishers Cottages, built upon the sea side, and heard the voice of certain women who seemed to bewail some misfortune.

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He then mended his pace, not knowing why the voice of those women had had such an operation in him: and being come near them, he knew *Megisto*, and *Derida*, and found them sorely weeping, and accompanied with many other women, who wept as well as they, and who not minding him, looked all towards the sea.

He then looked the same way they did, where, alas! he might see *Policrite*, all alone in a little boat floating, without either Oars or Rudder; who not knowing what to do, was upon her knees praying to Heaven; for though the sea went not very high, yet was it somewhat moved; and moreover, the Rocks bearing back the Waves on that side, and a breath of air blowing from land, the boat went still further off.

Philoxytes seeing *Polycrite* in so great a danger, and not seeing any boat that he might make use of, lighted suddenly off Horseback, and threw himself into the Water, swimming streight towards *Policrite*.

So as when *Solon*, who was a little behind, was come to the sea shore, you may

may easily imagine how much he was surprized to see *Megisto* covered with tears, *Policrite* all alone in a boat, which the Waves bore towards the full sea, and *Philoxypes* swimming towards *Policrite*; but he was so far from her, as it was to be believed that (the boat floating still forward) his strength might fail him before he could get up to her; and that *Solon* might see his dear daughter perish in his sight, as also a Prince whom he loved no less than her.

To tell you also how strangely astonish'd *Megisto* was, to see *Philoxypes* throw himself into the sea, and presently after to see *Solon* come, is not a thing easily done. Nor yet to set forth *Policrites* thoughts, when she knew *Philoxypes*, and saw him in so great danger for her sake.

This gallant personage told us notwithstanding afterwards, that she no sooner knew him, but the object of her vows altered; and that ceasing to think on her own danger, all her prayers were poured forth for *Philoxypes*. This mean while *Solon* was upon the shore with *Megisto*, whose minde was not
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then at liberty enough to tell him how this misfortune hapned, telling him onely that *Policrite* was lost.

And to say truth , I think that upon this encounter, *Solens* wisdom was put to a greater tryal, then ever it had been : and that it was much more easie for him to refuse a Crown, then to see *Policrite* and *Philoxypes* in the danger they were in, without giving apparent tokens of despair.

Yet this famous man kept himself within the lawful bounds of sorrow ; and not doing any thing unworthy of himself, did notwithstanding, feel what ever pains a tender and generous soul could suffer under.

This mean while though *Philoxypes* was but lightly clad, for the spring was already very hot in our Island, he could not swim with that facility as he might have done, had he been naked ; so as *Policrites* boat driving still away, he could not get up unto it.

One might see this young maid use some bootless endeavors to stay this little boat, but twas impossible for her to do it : nay, she did things which she herself

self knew were of no avail, yet could not keep from doing them.

One might likewise observe *Philoxypes* to strive to his utmost, & then he seemed to be ready to perish through weariness. But at last being got near the boat, sometimes one might see the boat driven near unto him by one Wave, and sometimes born from him by another; for it went too and fro with the wind.

It was so near him as he might hear *Policrites* voice, not being able to answer her, so much was he out of breath with swimming.

Sir, said she, Let me perish; do you return to the shore: and strive not bootlessly to save me.

You may imagine whether so obliging a command did not oblige *Philoxypes* to redouble his forces. At last, Sir, after that *Solon* had seen the Waves rise up more then once, ready to over-turn the boat, and swallow up *Philoxypes*, who was now able to do no more, a great Wave having driven the boat towards him, he luckily laid hold of the rope whereby it was fastened formerly to the Sea bank.

You may imagine, Sir, what *Philoxypes*

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joy was then, as likewise what that of *Policrite*, *Solon*, *Megisto*, *Dorida*, and the other women that were upon the shore; they all shouted for joy.

Yet was it not yet time to rejoice; For though it be not hard to guide a floating boat, yet *Philoxypes* was so weary, as there was reason to despair of his ever accomplishing what he had so happily begun: he was seen to sink twice under water, yet never quit the rope which he had in his hand. Think sir, how great *Policrites* grief was then, and with how many tears she repaid the pains he took to save her. One might observ this *Amorus* Prince do two contrary things; for he would look back upon the shore, that he might the sooner bring back his Dear *Policrite* thither; and sometimes believing he should perish without saving her, he would at least have the contentment of seeing her at his last gasp.

He looked thus, sometimes towards the shore, sometimes on *Policrite*: and things were in this condition; when *Philoxypes* and *Solons* servants, who tarried a good way behinde by reason of some accident which had befallen one of their
horses

horses, were come up, amongst which was one of *Philoxypes* his gentlemen, who being skilful in swimming, threw himself instantly into the Water, and helped his dear Master to guide *Policrite* back unto the shore, where this Prince was no sooner arrived, but that his force failing him he swooned.

Tis needless to tell you what *Solon*, *Megisto*, and all the rest that were on the shore, did to aide him. As for *Policrite*, shee was so surprized and so afflicted to see what condition *Philoxypes* was in, as she was not sensible of the joy of having escaped so great a danger: but at last, after having carried *Philoxypes* into one of those little Huts, and having by the means they used, brought him to life again, and dryed his apparel, he asked where *Policrite* was? whom *Solon* brought to him out of a little chamber whither she had retired her self, though she had not yet perfectly shook off the fear she had been in of her self, and of *Philoxypes*.

But at last all being retired that were in that little hut, save *Megisto*, *Policrite*, *Dorida*, *Philoxypes*, and *Solon*. *Solon* desired

Megisto to tell him, why she had quitted the little abode which he had caused be built for her? wherefore she was come to this place, and where *Cleantes* was? Wherefore they had left no order to acquaint him with their removal? and how this last misfortune had befallen *Policrite*? But, said he, sister, speak freely without any wise disguising the truth. For Prince *Philoxypes* knows I am your brother, that *Policrite* is my daughter: and I know also that he does her the honour to love her; therefore conceal nothing for his respect, for he hath now a deeper share in *Policrite*, then I have, since I have given her to him; and that he may now lay a new claim unto her, by having saved her life.

I leave you to imagine, Sir, how *Policrite* was surprized to know that she was *Solons* daughter, whom she knew to be a great and excellent man, but whom she knew not to be her father; and to know at the same time that shee was bestowed on *Phylloxypes*; she blush'd, but with a great deal of modesty: and looking upon *Megisto*, as if she would ask her whether it were true or no that she was *Solons* daughter? she confirmed her in that belief;

lief; and afforded her leasure so to confound the joy she had to see *Philoxypes* again, with that of her knowing her self to be daughter to so famous a man, as nothing appeared in her countenance but what so great an honour might cause in her.

Philoxypes beginning then to speak, said as obliging things to *Solon* in *Policrites* behalfe, as in his own; and *Megisto* was somewhile before she could satisfie her Brothers curiosity. But at last she told him, That knowing the love Prince *Philoxypes* bore to *Policrite* she had thought it fitting to acquaint *Policrite* onely, that she was more then what she took her self to be, to the end she might know how to treat *Philoxypes* with more indifferency; and that she might think her self the less obliged to him for his affection: That *Cleantes* and she, having observed that this had produced a contrary effect in *Policrite*, and Prince *Philoxypes* having shewed much passion in the last visit which he made them, she confest the ones worth, and the others youth had caused some apprehension in her: that in pursuit hereof, knowing that the King was at *Claria*,

and fearing least *Philoxypes* might speak to him of *Policrites* beauty, she had advised *Cleanthes* to quit his abode, which in effect they had done, and were come to this little Maretine hamlet where *Cleanthes* was acquainted with an old Fisherman, who had left them his hut, being himselfe gone to live with a son of his: that they had left a young Slave at their former place of abode, with direction, That if *Solon* should come thither, he should wish him to come the first day of the next ensuing moon to a Temple which they named unto him, where *Cleanthes* would not fail to be on the same days to meet him when he should come thither.

That since that time, *Cleanthes* had learnt by the Priest of the little Temple which was near their former abode, that this Slave was dead; so as knowing that the time of *Solon*s return drew near, *Cleanthes* resolved to go live himself alone at *Paphos*, knowing that when he should return to *Cyprus*, he would not fail to wait upon the King, and so he could not miss of him; to which purpose he was gone thither that very morning: that *Policrite*

licrite, who had no better pastime, especially since they had left their former abode, then to draw every day something or other upon her Tablebooks: seeing all the fisher men were gone from their little hamlet, leaving no boat behinde them, save that wherein they had seen her, and wherein there was neither Rudder nor Oare, fate down in it, and not minding whether it were well fastened to the shore or no, was designing forth that little rural float of boats which went still further from her: that she was so attentive to her work in hand, that as she her self had told them, she did not perceive the boat wherein she was, was loosened from the land, and went floating as the winds blew it: so as said *Megisto*, coming forth to look after *Polycrita*, I saw her in the posture I have told you, and skreek'd out so loud, as I made her perceive the danger she was in, not being able to help her, there not being one man left in the whole Hamlet; and all the fisher boats, having already doubled a Cape of land whereby we lost sight of them.

Megisto having ended her relation, *Solon* gan admire the Providence of the Gods
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in the guidance of worldly things; and considering that unless *Philoxipes* and he had lost their way, *Policrite* in all appearance had been lost, he could not sufficiently praise the Goddess, who had so well receiv'd his sacrifice; in effect, this Temple of *Venus Urania*, hath got much renown by this adventure. But Sir! to abuse your patience no longer, I will only tell you, that instead of going to *Paphos*, *Philoxipes* and *Solon* went the next day to *Claria*, whether they brought *Megisto*, *Policrite*, *Dorida*, and all the women that attended them, after that *Philoxipes* had largely rewarded all the fishermen's wives for their Hospitality and curtesie shewed to *Policrite*. To tell you how great *Philoxipes* and *Policrites* joy was, would be no easie matter, and to relate unto you in what terms this happie Lover exprest his satisfaction to *Policrite*, and with what an obliging modesty she received the testimony of his affection, and gave him some marks of hers, would be to undertake to difficult a task. For to learn in one and the same day, that she was daughter to the so Illustrious *Solon*, and that she was to be

be wife to *Philoxypes*, were two things wherewith her soul was divided. *Philoxypes* failed not to shew *Policrite* her pictures in his Gallery, which though rarely handsome, came much short of her. The next day *Selon* sent to enquire out *Cleanthes* at *Paphos*, where he was found and brought to *Claria*. Necessary order being taken for it, *Cleanthes*, *Megisto*, *Policrite*, and *Dorida*, had cloathes made answerable to their condition.

The next morning the princess of *Salamis*, and the Princess *Agherista*, being advertised by their brother *Philoxypes* of the truth of his adventure: these two fair Princesses, I say, who loved him dearly, who had learned *Policrynes* illustrious birth by this advertisement, and who did reverence *Selon* as a God, went to *Claria*, to conduct this beautiful creature to *Paphos*.

But good Gods! how they were surprized with her extream beauty, comparing which with her Pictures they found her to exceed them far, but if she appeared fair unto them, she seemed yet more spiritual.

She had somewhat in her of admirable
mode-

modesty, which having nothing in it of Rustick, rendred her yet more pleasing : she had asoul doubtlesly, fraught with all that innocency which shee had preserved amidst those Rocks : but withall a minde and humour wherein were all the Charms which the Court could afford.

For *Megisto* being rightly *Solons* sister, knew aswel as any one what was requisit in, and did necessarily become those of her Sex, and had perfectly instructed *Policrite* therein.

Young *Doridas* appeared also to be very fair, and lovely at the Court, where the King received *Solon*, *Cleanthes*, *Megisto*, *Philoxypes*, and *Policrite*, with unexpressable joy and honor. And this so much the more, as that being at last, resolved to content Princess *Aretaphiles* Ambition, that so he might satisfie his own Love, had made her be told the day before, that it should be her fault if she were not Queen.

But if *Aretaphile* were Queen of *Cyprus*, *Policrite* was the Queen of Beauty ; none but the Princess of *Salamis* could any way s dispute that glorious Empire
with

with her. In fine, Sir, there was nothing heard of now, but feasts and rejoycing. *Solon* being of necessity to be gon, they hastened the cōsummation of these famous marriages: The King would have one Ceremony serve for them both; nor did *Cyprus* ever see any thing of more glorious, though it were done with precipitation. *Solon* called then to minde *Epimenides* his predictions, and confest there was somewhat of Divine in that holy man. But his Countries interest prevailing more with him, then vvhatsoever other interests, he departed for *Athens*, so as some tears of sorrow did for a vvhile a little allay *Policrite's* Joy; but to comfort her, young *Dorida* vvvas left vvith her, vvhen *Cleanthes* and *Megisto* imbarckt themselves with *Solon*. This was the condition Sir, wherein this great man left the Court of *Cyprus*: to vvit, the King highly content: Queen *Aretaphile* as highly fatisfied, and *Philoxypes* and *Policrite* so happie, as vvishes could not add thereunto.

F I N I S.